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Vol. CXCIII No. 2525 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 26 1948

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Volume CXCIII No. 2525 The SPHERE, London, June 26, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A NEW LIFE-BOAT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: A DEVELOPMENT OF THE J-TYPE AIRCRAFT DINGHY, ITS WEIGHT IS 200 LB. AND IT WILL HOLD TEN MEN.
The men are protected by a tent, and the circular rubber float is provided with food and water and visual and radar aids to location

This new type of life-saving gear, consisting of a circular rubber float and tent, is undergoing sea trials with the Royal Navy at Gosport. The float, known as type J.S., is a development of the J-type aircraft dinghy. When inflated it resembles a huge motor tyre fitted with a rubberised fabric floor and covered by a tent. An inflated cushion provides a dry seat insulated from the low temperature of the sea. Other features are a waterproof floating light, six distress signals, spare batteries, telescopic mast, two paddles, emergency water ration and food containers, radar reflector, a baler, a drogue and bellows for inflating the cushions and topping-up buoyancy chambers. The float is designed to provide shelter for ten men, and will support them when it is only half-inflated. Its total weight is 200 lb., and when deflated its stowage space is 3 ft. by 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in. The float is inflated by pulling a lanyard, which releases carbon dioxide from a bottle.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Anarchy.—The latest dock strike may fairly justify the petulant question: Is this nation worth saving? Do all the sacrifices which the nation as a whole is called on to make afford that outside chance of ultimate success which can justify them, in the face of the sabotage created by the anarchy, blindness and selfishness of so many intemperate workers, who flout the appeals of the Government, the advice of their own union leaders, the needs of the nation? Has not the time come for those who dare, and can find the means, to leave the sinking ship and seek less intolerable and hopeless conditions in some happier land? And for the rest, to tear up the regulations, refuse to obey the prison régime and to sit with folded hands in their cells awaiting the inevitable end? Of course, the question is petulant and foolish and, as such, unjustifiable. But what is not always justifiable is sometimes excusable. For here in the docks of London anarchy is *in excelsis*. A large percentage of the dockers subscribe to this doctrine: we accept no discipline, we honour no pledges, we admit no principle but our own whim, we accept no penalties for bad conduct or breaches of agreement, we accept no responsibilities of citizenship, no trusteeship. We work when it suits us, if we consider it pays us to work, and we refuse to work when it suits us. In the great strikes between the wars, a resolute Government did at least achieve one thing: it proved to the unions concerned that the public, rightly led, would not tolerate callous aggression against the nation. That proof convinced the unions and beat the strikers. The Government to-day, constantly and with a show of statistical reason, points out that the strikes which followed the First World War were ten times as serious and prolonged as those, trivial by comparison, which threaten our salvation under Socialist rule to-day.

Underrating Baldwin.—Figures are one thing, underlying facts another. What the Government spokesmen and propagandists do not publicise is the *extension* of anarchy. The strikes of to-day are no longer anarchy *vis-à-vis* public and Government. They reveal universal anarchy. No longer do the unions (respected once and possibly feared) make and call off strikes. They have no more power to avert them than you or I. Lord Baldwin has been much abused and belittled of late, so has Mr. MacDonald. To-day these Premiers rise like giants beside their contemporary political leaders. They at least retained such power as the nation had given them. They did not share it out with their supporters. They kept enough to break industrial aggression and to restore order out of anarchy. The great unions, cumbersome, out of touch, over-elaborated and devitalised, have lost much of their power over their own members. And these are the Government's advisers and masters to-day, the sharers with Mr. Attlee of the power given him in 1945; at odds with each other, out of touch with their own people, incapable of leading or guiding or disciplining, unfit for authority. Such is the pass to which this poor country has been brought by the system of Government favoured by the Socialists, government by consultation, government by permission, government by favour, government by committee recruited from one section of the nation, and that section proved time and again of late impotent in the first principles of leadership, control and discipline. No man who has not exhaustively studied conditions of work and pay at the docks has any right to pronounce judgment on the economic issues of a correctly organised strike. In this case there are no economic issues. The only issue is order or anarchy. The nation, the Government, the appropriate union, and indeed a proportion of the dockers, all condemn it, and at heart condemn every sign of appeasement, such as the scaling-down of the moderate and fit penalties for recognised breaches of discipline. But appeasement is the only weapon this Government has the strength and courage to employ. Small wonder if anarchy flourishes.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANGLO-EIRE CONFERENCE SINCE 1938—MEMBERS OF THE EIRE GOVERNMENT IN LONDON: Most of the leading members of Mr. Costello's Cabinet came with him, by air, to confer on trade relations between the United Kingdom and Eire at 10, Downing Street. Mr. Attlee was present at the conferences with other Cabinet Ministers. The Eire Ministers came to this country with the hope of improving Anglo-Irish relations. During a Press conference, Mr. Dillon, Minister of Agriculture, said that Eire did not wish to take fancy prices from the Continent, but would prefer to trade on reasonable terms with her old and long-term customer. Britain could have eggs and more meat, provided prices were right and there were no quantitative restrictions The Eire Ministers, seated from left to right in this picture, are Mr. John Aloysius Costello (Eire Premier), Mr. W. Norton (Deputy Premier and Minister for Social Welfare), Mr. MacBride (Minister for External Affairs), Mr. James Dillon (Minister for Agriculture), Mr. Morrissey (Minister for Industry and Commerce) and Mr. McGilligan (Finance Minister)

Can the Conservatives Win?—If a minnow may argue with a whale, I may join issue with Lord Kemsley—with whom I largely agree—on his recent *Sunday Times* article. In his view apathy is Conservatism's worst enemy. The Socialists are spending shrewdly on propaganda with an eye on 1950. The Conservatives must follow suit. It may be so. My point is a minnow's point—so much of the space available in even the most responsible, sober and sound Conservative newspapers is filled with matter which is, obliquely but effectively, *Socialist* propaganda, items which play directly into the hands of Socialist agitators, items which tend to confirm the "workers'" belief that the "idle rich" still enjoy the sweets and the privileged few the privileges, and that there is plenty of fat still to be soaked out of the capitalist. The trouble with Conservatism, as I see it, is that it still maintains one foot in the old world, still hopes for and hankers after a return of the "good, old" times. It occurs to me that if such splendid organs devoted less space in headlines and letterpress to such matters as (a) The fashions at Ascot (with all that that meeting implies of the expenditure of time and money); (b) Society charity balls at £3 3s. a head, and so forth; (c) If they rejected from the "Domestic Servants (Wanted)" advertisement section such *cris du cœur* as the following: Wanted: "Second footman and second housemaid. Two in family, ten servants kept," then, I believe, the chances of the wobbler casting his vote for Conservatism would be enhanced. In this post-war world, justice inevitably hides her head. What the wobbling voter needs is the influence of clear propaganda showing that the capitalists of yesterday are the honest down-and-outs of to-day, and the circle of privilege of to-day is drawn round no old Tory section.

July 5.—The success of the National Insurance Scheme depends—*pace* Mr. Griffiths—upon "the willing co-operation of every one of us." July 5 draws near and, to assist co-operation and understanding, a 32-page booklet has been delivered to every home. It contains some superlative bureaucrateese and eight "comic strips," depicting funny owls. Having failed to understand the serious matter, I tried for a compensating laugh, and I failed again. I am one of those, obviously a minority, who do not find the incomprehensible made easier by comic strips. I am still confused and apprehensive. I am told often, *not* to confuse the National Health Service with National Insurance, but part of the money I pay to National Insurance "goes to the cost of providing me and my family with free medical, hospital, dental and eye advice and treatment." I know that I myself must pay 6s. 2d. a week for myself, and 4s. 2d. a week for any male employee and 3s. 3d. for every female employee, and I must buy stamps at a P.O. for the purpose. There is no end to stamp-licking and form-filling. As a nation, we are permanently enslaved; for we are now too disciplined and too tired to revolt. I do not think that I personally get any benefits at all from the new schemes. All I know as regards the Health Service is that my own doctor detests the scheme, and has neither the petrol, the time nor the inclination to visit me in my remote home in the country if I am ill. I must find the petrol to get into a car to join the queue at his surgery door. On the whole, it is preferable to resign oneself to the prospect of extinction without benefit of doctor. In the circumstances, I resent the forced contribution, but much more I resent the enforced stamp-licking.

Infiltrations.—I confess I am pessimistic about Colorado beetles, a very serious matter. I can't understand why, if they have now arrived in the Channel, they did not do so any year between 1848 and 1948. I cannot believe flame-throwers on the shore can liquidate the lot, and already we know they have gained bridgeheads in England, with a strong-point as far inland as Bucks. And if Bucks, then surely Kent and Sussex and Essex and Suffolk. The Colorado beetle will be a "headache" for some time to come. Infiltration of ideas is as slow and obscure a process as that of beetles. Someone writes to me that "Mr. Attlee now has a dim idea of the frightful mess which his extravagance has caused." I take this news with a pinch. I should say that he and Mr. Morrison, and his other more publicised lieutenants, are as convinced as ever of their competence as statesmen and of public confidence in them. Yet I do believe that at long last the British public is suffering the infiltration of the idea that its enslavement to forms and regulations has reached the breaking strain, and that, before its spirit is entirely killed, it ought somehow to organise a revolt. July 5 may become a *date in history*. Mr. Morrison is a cool, shrewd politician. I am puzzled by his petty infiltrations. Hotheads, like Bevan and Shinwell and Horner, can never resist party scores, however cheap, and there are hotheads among the Tories who fall to the same temptation. But that inexactitude about Mr. Churchill's salary should have been an easy target for Morrison's flame-thrower. For, if the jeer had been true, did the party advantage justify the caddishness? If recklessly made and untrue, was not the jeer a deadly boomerang? There is one infiltration which has gone as far as, and is not much less serious than, the beetle-infiltration. It is the realisation of the narrowness and pettiness of post-war politicians in general, all the world over.

Cricket as She is Reported.—The game remains, survives vigorously and (some think) inexplicably. But the methods of reporting it vary and constantly change. Among the pioneers are great names. There is the straight, the poetic, the heroic, the slang or jargonic, the obscure, the whimsical, which are linked with such great word-painters as these—Mr. Cardus, Mr. Knight, Mr. F. B. Wilson, Mr. Robertson-Glasgow, and many other pioneers. On the whole, I prefer the straight. The latest pioneer in the technique of giving the public what it wants is a little too obscurely whimsical for my taste. Mr. Robertson-Glasgow, when I can catch his words, fails to engage my interest. Mr. F. B. Wilson's pre-war jargon—a novelty then—was rich, racy, inexhaustible. We were younger and more lighthearted in those days, of course, and F.B.W. was in deadly earnest, never suggesting a tired cynic trying to be witty about a dead donkey. After all, the game 's the thing—always provided it is treated as a game. The match at Trent Bridge was a good game, and, on the whole, played as lightheartedly as it deserved. And it deserved better broadcasting.

THE OLD STAGER

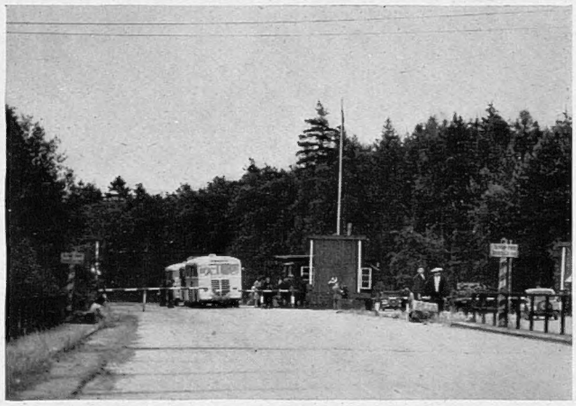
THE FERRY WHICH REPLACED THE ELBE BRIDGE : The bridge was closed for repairs on June 15, causing passengers on the autobahn to make a ten-mile diversion to the ferry at Niegripp. Travellers reported that the motorless ferry-boat listed heavily and quoted the captain as saying that it would not last more than three days. The wooden bridge over the River Elbe was built by the Americans in 1945 to replace one that had been destroyed by the Germans during the war

RUSSIA CLOSES THE FRONTIERS

German and Russian Reactions to the New Currency in the Western Zones of Germany

Following the closing of the bridge over the Elbe for repairs, which necessitated a ten-mile detour and crossing the river on a motorless ferry, all traffic from the West to the Soviet Zone was closed as a result of the new currency regulations. Motor traffic from Berlin to the west was warned that new restrictions would prevent their immediate return. It is hoped that the order concerning communications will be temporary and that restrictions will be lifted when the Russians have instituted their own currency reforms.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE CLOSED BY THE RUSSIANS : The bridge is near Magdeburg and was built by the Americans in 1945 to replace the original bridge (the remains of which can be seen on the left) which had been destroyed



THE RUSSIAN "CURRENCY" BORDER AT HELMSTEDT : With the coming of the new currency regulations in the Western Zones, the Russians closed all incoming road traffic from the West, both Allied and German

QUEUEING FOR THE NEW DEUTSCHE MARK AT FRANKFURT : The scene outside the Food Office as Germans lined up to exchange 60 Reichsmarks for 40 of the new Deutsche marks. The remaining 20 marks will be redeemed later this month. The 40 Deutsche marks will provide the equivalent of about £3 for the first week

First German reactions to the new marks in the Western Zones were favourable, as black market operators would be the chief sufferers. On the other hand, it also wiped out the savings of poor as well as rich, and some arrangements will, no doubt, have to be made for genuine cases of suffering. Comparison was inevitably made with the inflation of German currency in 1923, since the Deutsche mark will produce much the same result. Russia took immediate steps, closing all road and rail traffic from the West, so that only air transport maintained the link between Berlin and the Western Zones. Smuggling was the danger and, on the first day, three hundred Germans were reported as being arrested and the Russians claimed 5,000 more, carrying half-a-million of the old marks. The Russians would not permit the new currency to be used in the Allied zones of Berlin, and Marshal Sokolovsky refused General Sir Brian Robertson's first offer of a meeting of the Kommandatura to discuss the new currency

SPANISH DANCERS IN LLANGOLLEN

They were Amongst the Fourteen European Nations at the International Musical Eisteddfod

AT HOME HE IS A BLACKSMITH : Manoel Lorenzo was one of the Spanish performers at the International Musical Eisteddfod, held at Llangollen, Denbighshire, North Wales. The pipes on the seat beside him are possibly the cause of the note which he is making in a small book

Contingents of dancers and singers from fourteen nations of Eastern and Western Europe, last week, attended the International Musical Eisteddfod at Llangollen, in North Wales. The pictures on this page are of the Spanish representatives, who are seen demonstrating their traditional folk dances. Welsh audiences could also indulge their great love of choral music. So that they could attend, the Austrian choir had raised the money for their fare by giving concerts at home. The first prize of £100 and an international trophy, for the male voice contest, was awarded to the Czechoslovakian teachers' choir from Prague. The Spanish miners, who appeared in blue overalls and steel helmets, were sixth.

WALES ENJOYS AN IBERIAN IMPORT : Spanish dancers, in traditional costume, tripping to a warm Southern rhythm in a street of Llangollen during the Eisteddfod. Italy was also among the fourteen nations who sent contingents to Wales. The first Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod was held last year

WORKERS AND HOUSEWIVES ENJOYING THE DANCES : A gay touch was added to the Welsh scene by these graceful Spanish dancers. Welshmen, internationally famous for their fine renderings of choral music, heard the Vienna Academy Choir, whose director, Professor Ferdinand Grossman, was described in 1935 as "the greatest choirmaster in Europe"

DANCING TO THE GUITAR : Magalenia Modelo, a Spanish folk-dancer of San Anton, dancing to the music of the guitar of Esteranza Martinez, provided a colourful episode to the Eisteddfod, which closed last Sunday after a successful week

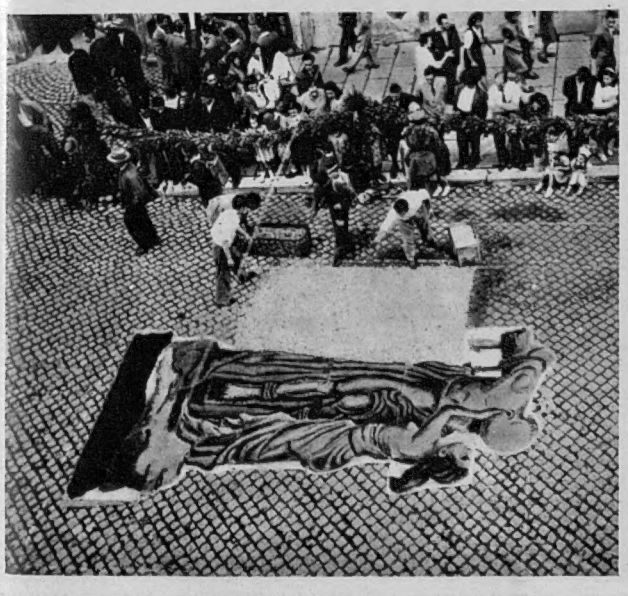
THE FLOWER FESTIVAL OF GENZANO

This Year was the 150th Anniversary of the "Infiorata di Genzano," in the Little Town near the Lake of Nemi

Genzano lies on the Via Appia, sixteen miles south-east of Rome and near the Lake of Nemi. It is famed for its flower festival—the "Infiorata di Genzano"—which has taken place almost every year since 1778. The 150th anniversary of the festival was celebrated two weeks ago. The spectacular main street, covered with religious scenes "painted" with flowers, is shown in the picture below. But before this amazing result could be achieved much hard work had gone into the preparations. First, artists had worked out the intricate designs and pictures, and their outline had been traced in chalk on the cobble-stones of the main street. Meanwhile thousands of flowers had been picked by two hundred women, working for a week in the neighbouring countryside, and another two hundred women had separated the leaves and stems from the blossoms. Finally, the flowers were laid on the chalk outlines. Nine religious panels were thus produced, and outlined with delicate border designs. Throughout the work, the flowers were sprayed to keep them fresh, although rain fell most of the time. In the evening a procession passed up the flower-paved street, in which people of the little town marched to the church for a religious service

TOWNSMEN LAY OUT THE FLOWERS ON THE COBBLE-STONES OF THE MAIN STREET OF GENZANO: First a rough chalk line is inscribed on the street of the religious scenes which have previously been designed by local artists. The laying of the flowers is aided by large stencils. The impressive figure on the left is that of St. Lucia

THE STAR OF ITALY: The man standing at the back has a water-tank on his back and spraying apparatus. This year a steady drizzle of rain fell, but the sprayers were there to keep the flowers fresh during the day



AN ELABORATE DESIGN IN MULTI-COLOURED FLOWERS: This beautiful picture, depicting Christ on the Cross, was one of the religious scenes on the cobble-stoned street

THE MAIN STREET OF GENZANO COVERED WITH RELIGIOUS SCENES IN FLOWERS: Many hours of work had gone into the designing of the scenes and the picking and preparing of the flowers. In the evening, the traditional procession marched over the flowers to the church at the top of the hill

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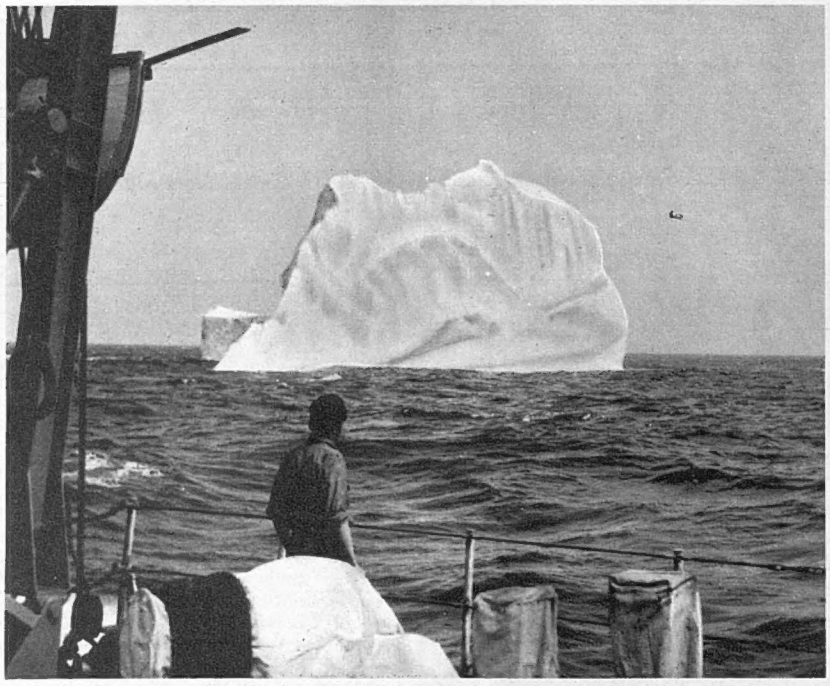
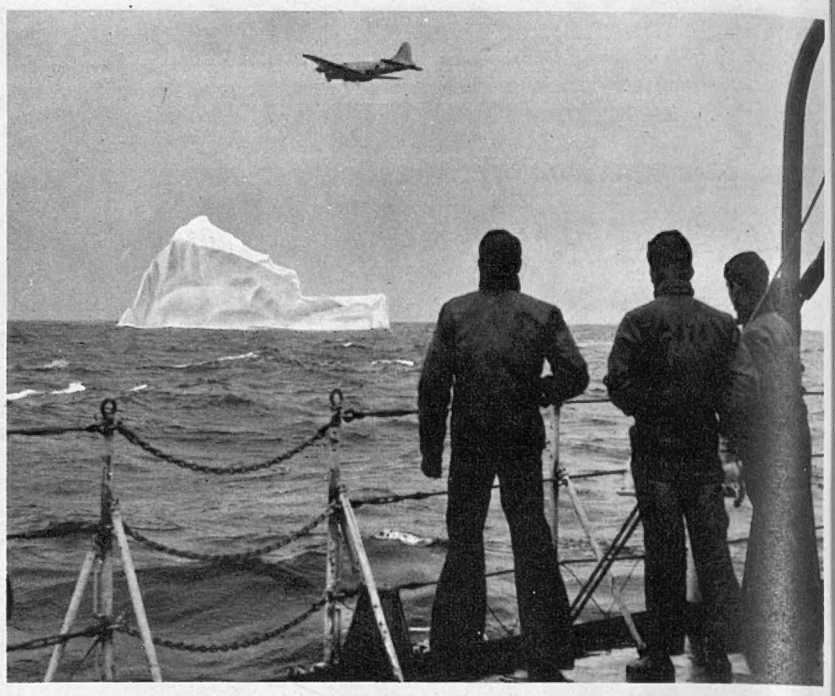
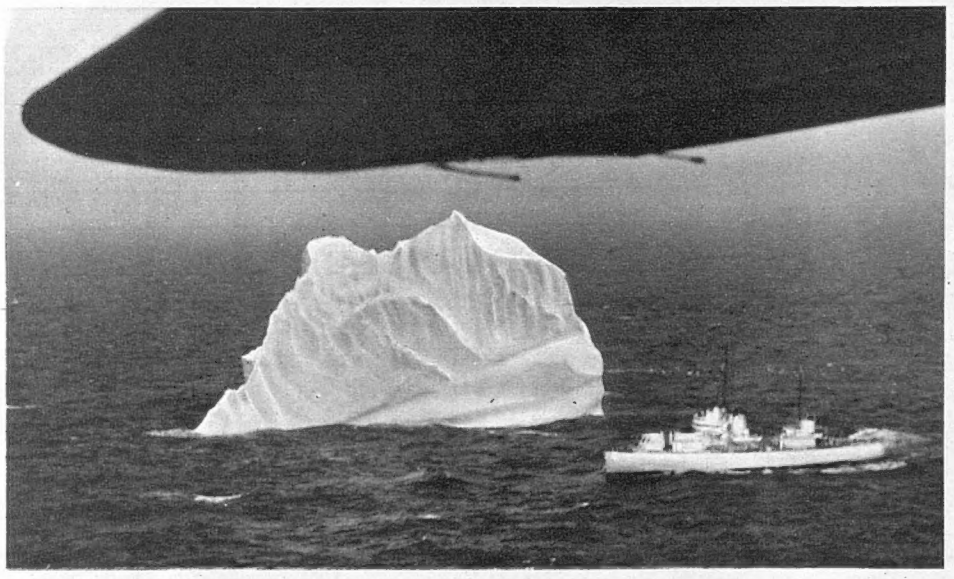




THE INTERNATIONAL ICE PATROL OF 1948 IN ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC: Members of the crew of the United States Coast Guard cutter "Mendota" look on while a Coast Guard B 17, converted for ice observation, flies over a large berg. The planes are based on Argentia airfield in Newfoundland and are of great value in combining air and surface operations with the effective use of radar. The patrol reports the set and drift of icebergs and weather information

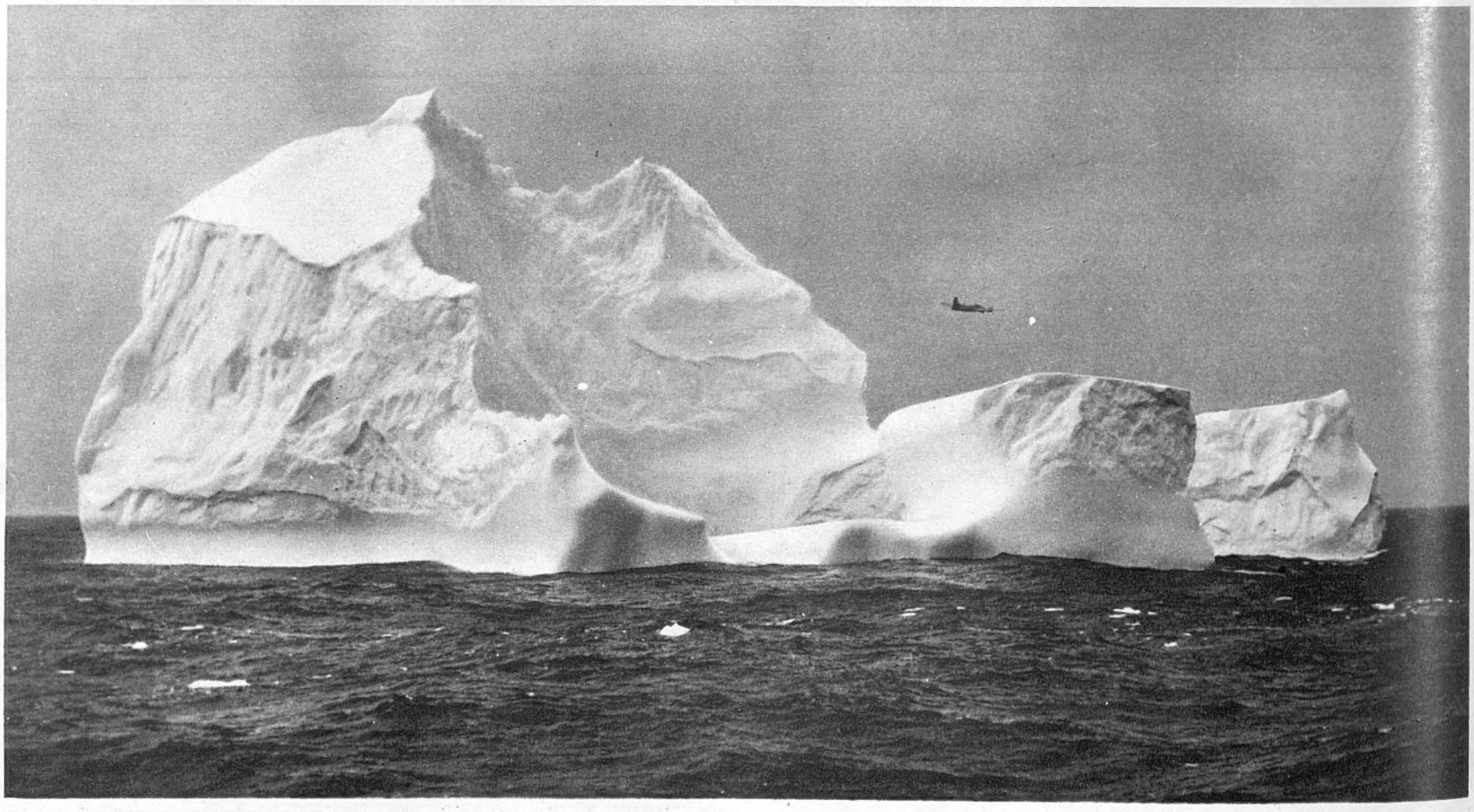


AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD CUTTER "MENDOTA" PASSING A BERG ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC: Opportunities to obtain pictures such as these come seldom, because of the persistent fogs which blanket the Grand Banks area after May 1

NORTH ATLANTIC ICE PATROL

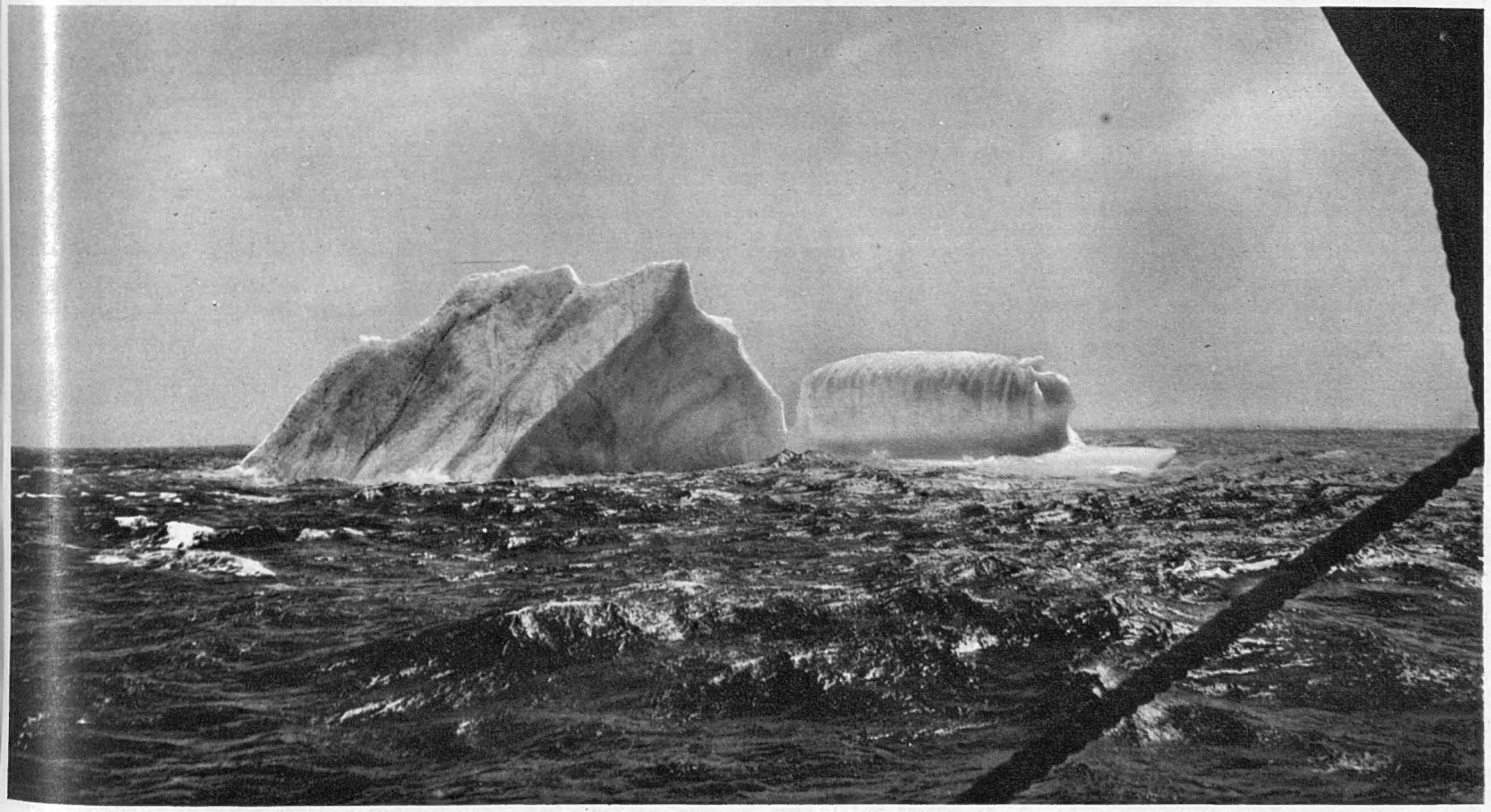
A Record of the 1948 International Ice Patrol of the United States Coast Guard

The work of the United States Coast Guard's International Ice Patrol began two years after the *Titanic* disaster in 1912. Its mission is to locate and report ice conditions constituting a menace to navigation in the sea lanes of the North Atlantic; to determine set and drift of icebergs; to collect weather information and surface and sub-surface oceanographic data, and to keep all interested shipping informed of such details by daily "ice broadcasts." Specially converted B 17's and Coast Guard cutters, based at Argentia in Newfoundland, are used for the patrol, which employs the latest radar equipment for keeping its charts up to the minute. Icebergs are marked on the chart with small black triangles, which can be moved as new positions are reported. It is from this chart-summary that the vital "ice broadcasts" are made and transmitted twice daily to all shipping on the Great Circle route to European ports and any interested shipping in the area. Many of the bergs originate in the Western Greenland glaciers. It has been estimated that a time-lapse of three years occurs between the "calving" of one of these icebergs and its appearance in the vicinity of the Grand Banks. The U.S.C.G.C. *Mendota*, from which some of the pictures on these pages were taken, alternates in patrolling the area of the Grand Banks with the U.S.C.G. *Macoma*. Much of their work must be done in dense fogs



AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC WHICH COULD CAUSE A DISASTER: An idea of the size of the great berg can be obtained by comparing it with the B 17 flying over it. The International Ice Patrol was established by the Coast Guards in 1914, two years after the "Titanic" was sunk when it came into collision with an iceberg. To-day the patrol uses planes and the latest radar equipment to locate the floating mountains of ice that threaten shipping

BIRTHPLACE OF ICEBERGS—THE GLACIERS OF WESTERN GREENLAND : It is from these glaciers that many great ice masses are separated to float into the shipping lanes and become "iceberg menace." The United States Coast Guard conducts the International Ice Patrol to provide shipping with full information as to the whereabouts of bergs and weather conditions generally. Daily "ice broadcasts" are transmitted which are invaluable to shipping on the sea lanes



A MONSTER ICEBERG AGROUND IN FORTY FATHOMS OF WATER ON THE GRAND BANKS : The beauty of this berg in the early sunshine is not appreciated by the mariner who might meet it in a dense fog. Much of the danger is now dispersed by the work of the patrol. "Ice broadcasts" are considered so vital that practically all commercial radio ceases during the broadcasts. The berg in the picture was charted and carefully watched for any movement

A CHANGE in the CONTINENTAL SUNDAY

Sport Plays a Greater Part and Some Must Work to Live

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LET us observe the Continent on a Sunday at the middle of the twentieth century, seeking to weigh the benefits—physical, moral, economic—which may accrue to foreigners by their approach to that day, against their possibly heightened chances of damnation.

But I should say at the start that this is no normal Sunday which you now see on the Continent. There is too much work about for that; not work in the public view so much as sidelines and extra chores rendered necessary by the hard times in order to make ends meet.

You will not see the Labour Unions involved in this supplementary toil; yet, strange as it may seem, there do exist other classes that work, and it is elements of these who cannot hope to balance their budgets without setting-to on Sundays as well.

Roundly it can be said of the Continent to-day that it no longer has a Day of Rest, but a Morning of Rest and an afternoon and evening of sport and recreation, much of the latter of a cultural kind. The Morning of Rest is more than that: it is also a Period of Observance, and it is important to note that those who are not "practising Christians" or, better said, church-goers, respect this Period of Observance up to noon.

Heretofore, the Dutch have probably come nearest to "The English Sunday." But the alteration is being accepted in Holland too, as this from a Lutheran pastor indicates:

"It is a grievous pity to depart from the Bible, but if modern young people decline to credit Deuteronomy and the six-day Creation calling for a seventh day of rest, they will not be brought into the churches by being forced to kick their heels all Sunday afternoon. It is therefore better that they should have something to occupy their minds and bodies on Sunday afternoon, since it is well known that having nothing to do leads to mischief."

Oddly enough, Norway has loosened up on the Sabbath as a result of soundings taken in the United Kingdom. The movement in favour of such sports as football and regattas on Sundays was stimulated by Norsemen who had been in Britain during the war. They returned home to say that if people could work on Sundays, as the British had done right through the war, then there was no valid reason why they couldn't play. In other words, a Day of Rest in peace-time only, didn't make sense.

The public-houses remain closed until 4 p.m., after which there is much beer and akvavit (local brandy).

Sweden earmarks the hours between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. for devotional duties. Nothing much really happens during these four hours, if only about a third of this Protestant people goes to church. The rest cannot get anything to drink in public until they sit down to a great Sunday lunch at two o'clock. This is frequently taken in restaurants, and from then onwards Sunday is a Swedish gala in pursuit of health and happiness.

Football, horse-racing, seasonal sport and games like sailing and ice-hockey, with the cult of the body in full swing, as only the Swedes know how.

After which the good Swede will relax with his family in a café or beer-garden, to the strains of music. He won't get much to drink unless he eats—yet what is a smoerbrodt now and then, if it bring beer, wine or akvavit along with it?

Religion has no strong hold in Denmark: indeed, on one passage in the 'thirties I found them advertising for women pastors in default of male candidates. Nevertheless, the Danes recognise Sunday until noon as a period of closed observance.

They eat vast breakfasts and dinners, and then the middle-aged and elderly sit coffee-drinking over their wireless while the younger elements either play hard or watch keenly. Sport is king. And in the evening the theatres and exhibition grounds are open, as well as the cinemas. Sunday night in the Tivoli Gardens and at Weevil's is the night of the week.

The current German Sunday is no criterion. The churches are mostly filled, yet there are too much politics and self-camouflage among the crowding. One's essential memory of the German Sunday is the *Ausflug:* out with *butterbrodts* and *wunderschoens* into the countryside, up hill and down dale, fathers and families and students and all. The *Ausflug* and the Sunday afternoon Kafé-Konzert. The last I saw of that Germany was at Dreesen's at Godesberg in 1938, and they were dancing to saxophones, which didn't suit the Rhine.

The Sunday evening theatre and opera in Germany used to be institutions, and are reviving. Otherwise there is little else save sport—football predominantly—and the cinema. For the *Ausflug* needs a well-lined stomach, and the Kafé-Konzert has sunk to a cacophony in the black market surroundings of the "dive."

Calvin still hovers over one end of Switzerland, but it is brighter at the Zürich extremity. All the brass bands in Europe seem to be playing on the Swiss Sunday, in summer. The mornings are dour, and so are the afternoons, but that is only if you stay in the towns. For Sunday is the Swiss people's "day out." They never tire of taking the lake steamer and the funicular, and, incidentally, it is half the price to make excursions on Sunday, which the Swiss-bound among you should remember, when you are let out with your pittances.

In all the foregoing lands, and in the balance to follow, Sunday is earmarked for the fête, for the local and wider festival usually infused by contest or competition in which juveniles and adults participate. The idea of restricting the usage of parks or other public places of assembly, would be attributed to mania.

The full-dress lecture with slides, films, and any other paraphernalia required, forms another feature of the Continental Sunday afternoon, and with no subject barred—anything from Existentialism to Hollywood—provided actual obscenity doesn't intrude.

A further use of the afternoon is made by political parties anxious to rope in voters who have eluded them in the week. In some eyes this may come nearest to desecration of the Sabbath. It is evident in Belgium and pronounced in France.

The Belgians have to reconcile the Fleming and Walloon elements in their national make-up. Each is Catholic, but the devotional ranks of the Flemings are perhaps more numerous than those of the French-origined people of the Liége region. As the two meet in Brussels, there shall we examine Sunday and it comes to this: before noon, devotion and quiet; p.m., let the people enjoy themselves!

Horse-racing, matinées, football, cycle races, athletics, bands, festivals, cinemas inviting and cafés booming. It is quite common for a father and mother to take their children along to the café, there to comment on the passing throng. The children will be given ices, but may have to be soothed later by a sip of wine or beer.

Brussels carries its impiety to opening small shops on Sunday morning. There are also quite big markets—as behind the Grand Hotel. The argument is that produce would deteriorate by Monday, or that people weren't able to market on Saturday. The clergy do not appear to mind this or much else provided they see the columns winding to church in the morning.

Most of what I have just written of Belgium can be applied equally to France with the proviso that the French go about Sunday afternoons and evenings in a rather more pagan manner than their north-eastern neighbours.

Sunday morning is to the Church—and if voluntary, serious-minded attendance be any criterion, the French are probably the most devout people in Western Europe, and that goes for Huguenots as well as Catholics.

Foreign bigots are in reality thinking of what some of their nationals do in France on Sundays, not of what the French themselves do. The Can-Can and the Folies-Bergère are, of course, notoriously for Britons and Americans.

For the French, Sunday is essentially a festival of the family. The French have races; so have the Irish. The French open small shops and markets; so do others. The French have theatres, cinemas, cafés and night clubs, but precious few of them go to the last of the four on Sundays or any other day. The French are mad about *le sport* and Sunday is the day.

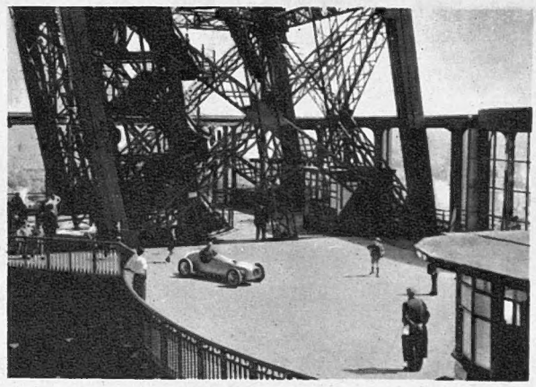
To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon I go to a *course libre* near here. This is a bloodless bullfight in which the object is to snatch a rosette from between the bull's horns. The bullfighters are called "razeteurs" and the risk can be just as great as in the Spanish *corrida*. If blood drips, it 's the "razeteur's," which is as it should be. The Sunday *course libre* is to the South what the road cycle race is to the North.

In Spain there are 2,000 bullfights on Sunday afternoons in the season, spread over 400 rings with a seating capacity of 2,000,000. Futbol is the only serious competitor.

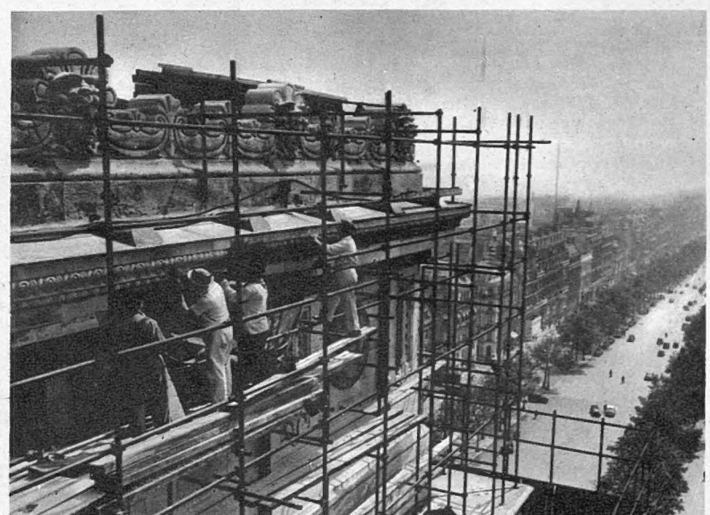
In Italy, after a morning dedicated to religion, more than half the sporting fixtures of the week are pressed into Sunday afternoons. There is horse-racing, but theatres are mostly closed.

The physical consequences of "the Continental Sunday" are not to be disputed. They are excellent. The economic consequences of the foreign Sunday are no less incontrovertible. The effect is that these countries can have a five-and-a-half-day week with two full afternoons for sport on Saturday and Sunday—either playing or watching it—and therefore no call for any further time-off for sport in mid-week.

As for the moral consequences, being no expert on damnation I confine myself to morale consequences, and this I can say: there is much less of the "Monday morning feeling" discernible on the Continent.



A RACING CAR ON THE EIFFEL TOWER: Many unexpected events have taken place on the Tour de Trois Cents Mètres, but when M. Gordini took his small racing car up in the lift, it was the first time that the feat had been performed. The car had run in the Grand Prix de Paris de Montlhery, and M. Gordini drove it round the platform before returning to earth

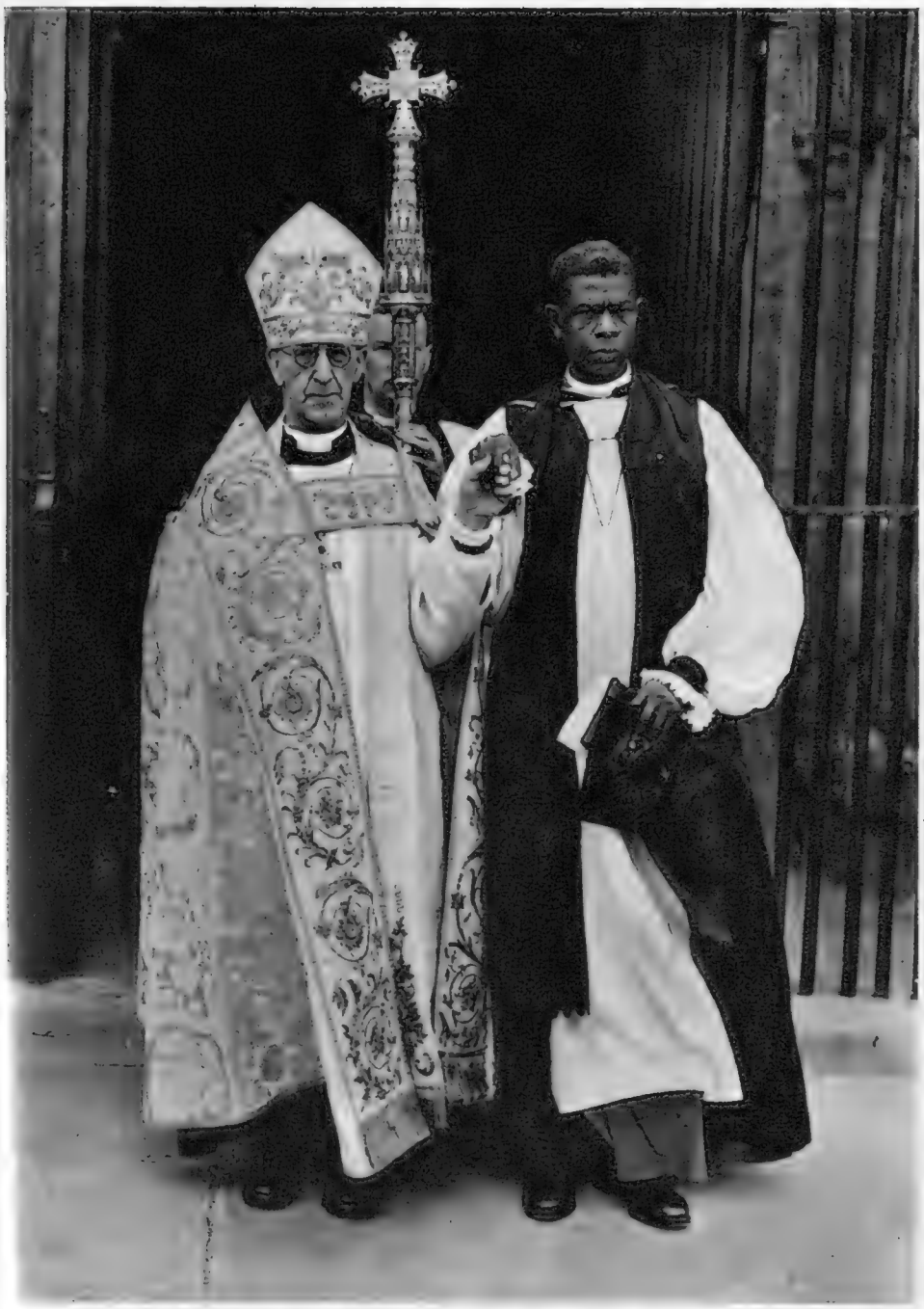


REPAIRING THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: The masonry was damaged by shell-fire during the liberation of Paris four years ago. The workmen have a fine view of the Champs Élysées, stretching down to the Rond-Point. The Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile was begun by Napoleon in memory of his victories in 1805-06. It was designed by Chalgrin and completed in 1836 by Louis Philippe

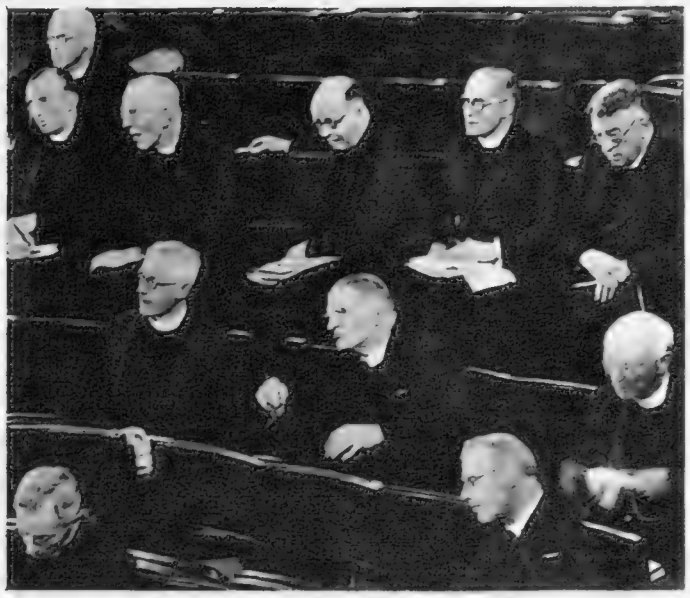
A COMMUNION PROCESSION IN A BRETON VILLAGE: The Procession is passing the lighthouse of Concarneau, the historical village on the coast of Brittany. On an island in the harbour of Concarneau is the *ville close*, or walled city, with its moat and ramparts, which were scaled by du Guesclin in 1373 when the village was taken from the English. Later, the village extended to the mainland and now has 6,000 inhabitants. Many of the old houses remain and it is a great show-place for tourists

AN AFRICAN BISHOP IS CONSECRATED AT CANTERBURY

The Church Assembly at Westminster: A New Roman Catholic Training College



HAND IN HAND FOR THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE NEWLY-CONSECRATED ASSISTANT BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE ON ST. BARNABAS DAY: The Rev. Percy John Jones who, since 1943, has been African Priest-in-Charge of the Bishop Crowther Memorial Church, Freetown, a few days ago was consecrated by Dr. Fisher in Canterbury Cathedral as Assistant Bishop of Sierra Leone. Bishop Jones is the second African to be consecrated in the Mother Church of the Anglican Communion; the first was Bishop Crowther in 1864. After the ceremony the Primate led the new Bishop out of the Cathedral. The Archbishop is here seen vested with stole and in cope and mitre, while the Primatial Cross of Canterbury is held by his chaplain



THE SUMMER SESSION OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY—SOME OF THE CLERGY AT CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER: The National Assembly of the Church of England consists of three Houses: the Bishops, the Clergy and the Laity. The Assembly discuss any proposal concerning the Church of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the chairman for the meeting at Central Hall. Church publicity was referred to and the motion to establish the information board, recently recommended in the report of the Publicity Commission, was approved

LISTENING TO THE SPEECHES AT CENTRAL HALL: The Assembly heard the Archbishop announce that the Clergy Pensions Measure 1948, had received the Royal Assent on March 24 last. The Union of Benefices was also discussed during the meeting and it was pointed out that every diocese was doing its best to raise the stipends of the clergy

A NEW TRAINING SCHOOL FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS—THE DE LA SALLE TRAINING COLLEGE AT HOPWOOD HALL, MIDDLETON, NEAR MANCHESTER: The official opening was performed by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, in the presence of many guests

THE OPENING OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC TRAINING COLLEGE—THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER ADDRESSING THE GUESTS AT HOPWOOD HALL, MIDDLETON, DURING THE CEREMONY: Cardinal Griffin is seen standing on the terrace with other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church on either side of him. The De La Salle Training College is the second to be opened in England, the first being at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, which has been in use for several years. The college at Hopwood Hall will cater for the training of priests who come from the North Country. For the present the number under training will be restricted, but when the college buildings are completed, in the grounds of Hopwood, the number will be greatly increased

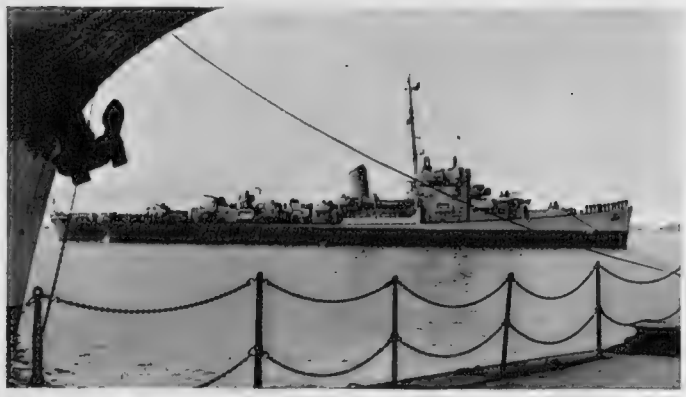
MEN-OF-WAR

Bomb Tests in the Firth of Forth;
A Visit from the French Fleet;
H.M.S. "Triumph" at Malta;
H.M.S. "Ajax" in the River Fal

FLYING OUT TO BOMB THE "NELSON": Barracuda dive-bomber aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, with bombs loaded, fly over Inchkeith Island en route for the veteran battleship, which is to be used to test the effect of bombing on armour and structure. H.M.S. "Nelson" is moored near the island and batteries of cameras have been set up on Inchkeith and on the Fife coast, which will record six pictures a second

READY FOR ACTION: A view of H.M.S. "Nelson" as she lies off Inchkeith Island in the Firth of Forth, ready for the bombing tests which will take place over three months

APPROACHING THE TARGET: Barracudas attack H.M.S. "Nelson" as she lies in the Firth of Forth. In this operation dummy bombs were used and three direct hits were scored. Two hundred bombs will be dropped at various angles during the trials. Preparations for the trials, which are to cover a period of three months, have been proceeding for several months and Admiralty scientists have constructed camera and other recording-apparatus at an estimated cost of £35,000. These will show exactly what happens from the time the bomb leaves the aircraft until it strikes the target. The Barracuda dive-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm, seen in this picture, are from H.M.S. "Condor" (Special Aircraft Training Unit) at Arbroath, Forfar



A COURTESY VISIT FROM THE FRENCH FLEET: The destroyer "Marocain" at anchor at Portsmouth where, with her sister-destroyer "Hova," she escorted the aircraft-carrier "Arromanches" on a week-end visit to the naval base

THE "ARROMANCHES" BACK IN HOME WATERS: The warship was formerly the British aircraft-carrier "Colossus." In August 1946 she was loaned to the French Navy and permission was given by the King for her to be renamed "Arromanches"

H.M.S. "TRIUMPH" IN THE GRAND HARBOUR AT MALTA: "Divisions" are paraded on the flight-deck of the aircraft-carrier. The "Triumph" is flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Second-in-Command, British Mediterranean Fleet. The 13,000-ton light aircraft-carrier is of the Colossus class. She can carry about forty aircraft. A picture of the name-ship of the class, now renamed the "Arromanches," appears on the left

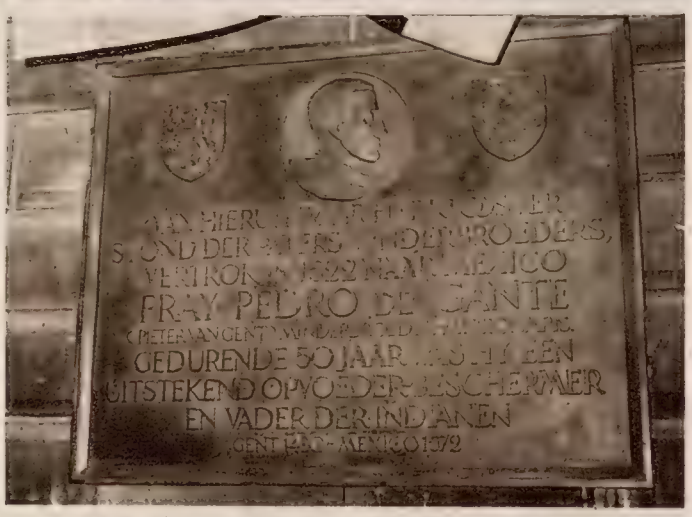
THE BRITISH CRUISER WHICH THE CHILEAN NAVY WANTS TO BUY: H.M.S. "Ajax" at anchor in the River Fal. It was reported last month that negotiations were in progress for the purchase by the Chilean Government of H.M.S. "Ajax," the cruiser that took part in the action of the River Plate in December 1939, under the command of Commodore Harwood (now Admiral Sir Henry Harwood). Public opinion is not in favour of the transaction, since it is only four months since President Videla proclaimed the annexation by Chile of British territory in Antarctica. Early this month, questions were asked in the House of Lords about the negotiations, and Lord Teynham asked the Government to bear in mind that it would be better policy to restrict the sale of our cruisers to those countries which were members of the Commonwealth rather than to sell them to countries which had "done certain things in the Antarctic recently"

GERMANY GETS STILL ANOTHER PLAN: A mass meeting in Nuremberg to publicise home-construction schemes for the next three years. Dominated by a gigantic "A," symbolising the new plan of the party, a mass meeting of the Social Democrats is held in the Market Square to publicise their plans for construction of 100,000 new flats within three years. The Social Democrats are hoping to break the leadership of the Christian Democrats in Bavaria by dissolving the Landtag (Parliament) and planning construction of the new flats for workers. Plan "A" symbolises *Aufstieg* (Resurrection), *Aubu* (Construction) and *Anfang* (Beginning)

THE GERMANS IN BERLIN READ THE NEWS OF THE "PARTITION" OF THEIR COUNTRY: A scene at a newspaper kiosk amidst the ruins of the capital. On their way home from work, Berliners eagerly read news of the long-awaited decision of the six Powers—America, Britain, France and the Benelux countries—to establish a federal German Government for the three Western zones. Though it may help to stabilise the situation in the West, news of the decision has brought new fears to Germans. Berliners now expect new pressure by the Russians to exclude the three Western Powers from the city, although they still hope Berlin will be included in plans for a West German State and a share in the European Recovery Programme

FOREIGN NEWS in PICTURES

GHENT HONOURS A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EVANGELIST TO MEXICO: Schoolchildren parading in front of Belgian and Mexican authorities at the unveiling ceremony. The Palace of Justice is on the left, erected on the site of the convent from which Brother Pedro left for Mexico. A Memorial Tablet, set in the wall of the Palace of Justice in Ghent, was unveiled on June 14 to the memory of an illustrious son of the city, Brother Pedro de Gante, well-known sixteenth-century Evangelist to Mexico. The present Palace of Justice stands on the site of Pedro's old convent. He left Ghent for Mexico in 1522, dying there in 1572. He had by then become revered as protector, educator and Father to the Mexican Indians. Children dressed in Mexican costume paraded before the memorial as it was jointly unveiled by Jose y Dominguez, Mexican Minister to Belgium, and Paul Struye, Belgian Minister of Justice. Banners carried in the procession showed portraits of Pedro



THE BRONZE TABLET PICTURED AFTER ITS UNVEILING: It reads, "From here, where stood the cloister of the Father Evangelist Pedro de Gante, he left for Mexico in 1522"

THE BELGIAN PREMIER'S DAUGHTER WEDS A BRITON IN BRUSSELS: Mlle. Marie Spaak and Mr. A. M. Palliser after their marriage. Mr. A. M. Palliser, of Wokingham, Berkshire, and Mlle. Marie Spaak, twenty-one-year-old daughter of M. Paul Henri Spaak, Belgian Premier, at their wedding in Brussels, which was celebrated by Monsignor Fernand Cento, the Pope's diplomatic representative to Belgium. Mr. Palliser, who is twenty-five, is the son of Admiral Sir Arthur Palliser. He met Mlle. Spaak during her summer holidays in Britain last year

MONSIGNOR CENTO, APOSTOLIC NUNCIO, GIVES THE BENEDICTION AFTER THE MARRIAGE: Both families were present at the ceremony in the Nuncio's Chapel. The Pope sent a telegram of congratulation, together with his blessing

A CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE NATIONALISATION OF SCHOOLS IN HUNGARY leads to a priest's arrest on a charge of instigating murder. The first active demonstration by Catholics against the nationalisation of schools in Hungary has led to a sensational court case. In Poespetri, a small village in Hungary, about 500 Catholics recently left their church and attacked the City House. During the demonstration a policeman was shot. The police have since arrested not only the alleged murderer and his associates, but also the Catholic priest, Janos Asztalos, who, it is said, excited the crowd by his sermon—believed to have been directed against the nationalisation of schools in Hungary. Here the priest is seen on the left; the alleged murderer, a young man named Miklos Kiralyfalvi, is on the right, between two policemen

THE CHURCH MEMBERS FORGATHER TO PAY OFF A MORTGAGE: A scene from North Dakota showing how a congregation of Lutherans prepared to settle a debt. This picture comes from the small township of Lakota. It shows how the members of the Lutheran church there manned twenty-eight tractors to pull ploughs, discs, harrows and seeders to break 214 acres of land and plant it with flax all in the same day. Money received from the crop will go to pay off a 3,000-dollar mortgage on the parsonage. Cash donations paid for the seed. The equipment, fuel, labour and the use of the land were all donated. The light part of the picture shows grass growing on that part of the field which had not been ploughed over when the photograph was taken

A BEAR CALLS IN ON THE TOWNSFOLK: A strange incident in a Pennsylvanian town. The big black bear is estimated to weigh more than 250 lb. He is seen at the right of the picture. Taking advantage of the close season for bear-shooting, he pays regular calls into town. Residents of Coudersports, in the Allegheny Mountains, frequently see the bear approaching the houses, "but they haven't bothered him, as he hasn't bothered them." A short stroll through side-streets and a look at the houses is enough urban experience for the bear, who then heads back to the hills until he again feels the need for company

AN ITALIAN PRIEST SPONSORS A "CRUSADE TO THE HOLY LAND." A modern "Crusade" of people willing to go to Palestine to protect the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus and other Holy Places has been sponsored by Father Giulio Zanella in his little cottage in Rome. Daily, people go to the Italian priest, who accepts their requests to enter the Corps of the "Holy Crusade." All he is waiting for now is permission from the United Nations. Father Giulio Zanella (wearing glasses, facing the camera) is here seen with his secretary, Father Giovanni, in his study, where they are examining their correspondence. In the background is a flag of the "Crusade to the Holy Land"

AN ENGLISH V.C. MARRIES IN AUSTRALIA: Major David Jamieson, V.C., and his bride, formerly Miss Nancy Elwes, both from Norfolk, England, pictured in Sydney, Australia, before leaving for their honeymoon. They were married in St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliffe, Sydney, on June 7. Major Jamieson is the elder son of Sir Archibald Jamieson, chairman of Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd. His bride went to Sydney after having been employed in the War Office in Singapore

"NATURE BOY," THE DESERT HERMIT WHO COMPOSED A SENSATIONALLY POPULAR SONG, meets a well-known negro musician in New York. Eben Ahbez, also known as "The Yogi" and the "Hep Hermit," is the composer of "Nature Boy," which in six weeks became America's top hit-tune. He is married to a "mystic and vegetarian" who was previously a typist; they rent a room in Los Angeles but sleep in a backyard—even when it rains. When in New York recently for a television broadcast, Ahbez camped out in Central Park as an indication of his disdain for hotels. It is now being said that Ahbez has taken his tune "Nature Boy" from an old Hebrew song

ONE OF THE SUMMERY FROCKS WORN ON THE OPENING DAY AT ASCOT : The wearer was Mrs. Alan Fairley ; her outfit was of the Dresden shepherdess variety, and it was all-white. Her large bonnet was trimmed with roses, with a satchel-bag to match

REMINISCENT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MOTORING : Large hat worn at an angle with a veil, and a coat which seems modelled on the " dust coat " of the early motorists

MISS ELIZABETH SHELLEY PROVIDED ONE OF THE FASHION SENSATIONS : Having startled all beholders on the first day with the dress seen below, Miss Shelley appeared on the second day in the above elaborate outfit, complete with summery parasol. Many of the scores of photographers present made her their principal target

FIRST TIME OUT AT ASCOT : Miss Shelley appeared thus on the first day. Her black silk dress had a broad silk tartan collar which matched the trimming on her smart straw boater. The dress was close-buttoned on the bodice and on the leg-of-mutton sleeves. A flared peplum over the full skirt gave the newest " look " to the whole creation. The umbrella was a touch borrowed from a good many years ago. Note the huge coil of plaited hair over the left shoulder !

ONE OF THE MOST EXOTIC CREATIONS : Hat, veil, gloves and slung handbag in white contrasted with the black frock. And the lady, like many others, took the precaution of carrying an umbrella !

FASHION EFFECTS AT ASCOT

The Newest of " New Looks " at the Annual Dress Show

LADY WINNINGTON wore a black-and-white striped frock edged with embroidery : her hat was a circle of fresh gardenias. The weather was showery, and most women at the meeting carried umbrellas

THE ROYAL BOX ON THE FIRST DAY'S RACING AT ASCOT: *On the left* are the Queen, Princess Margaret, the King and Princess Elizabeth. In front of them on the edge of the box is the Gold Vase, which was won by the French horse Estoc. *On the right* the King and Queen are seen chatting between races. The Queen wore a cyclamen mauve gown with a wide-brimmed hat; Princess Elizabeth wore a yellow dress, and Princess Margaret was in pale blue. The Royal party stayed at Windsor Castle during the racing, and it was decided that the Royal procession in open carriages should take place on all four days of the meeting if weather permitted, and not on Tuesday and Thursday only, as originally arranged. Preceded by two scarlet-clad outriders on white horses, the King and Queen rode in the first of four open landaus, drawn by four of the Windsor greys, with postillions in Ascot livery, with the King's racing colours of red, purple and gold. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret rode in the second landau, drawn by four bays

GREY TOP-HATS IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE: Showers and sunshine greeted the Ascot racegoers, but the scene was a gay one, with grey top-hats dominating the male fashion and brightly coloured dresses the female. The Royal box was resplendent with blue hydrangeas and the forecourt of the balcony restaurant bright with delphiniums, lupins, sweet peas and sprays of campanula. Flowers were much in evidence again in women's hats and gowns

MANY OF THE HATS WORN BY THE LADIES WERE OF AMUSING AND INGENIOUS DESIGN: The one *on the left* was in white, trimmed with black net, above a smart polka-dot dress; *the second* was described as "unique," its rear view certainly producing a strange effect!; Mrs. Mervyn Cunliffe-Fraser was the wearer of the third hat; it was a green star with black net, worn with a matching green dress; *on the right* is Mrs. Michael Sherwin, displaying a pancake-like effect

LAMBETH PALACE, WHERE THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE WILL BEGIN EARLY NEXT MONTH : This picture was taken from Lambeth Bridge. The second of four ceremonial processions of bishops to services at Canterbury Cathedral, Lambeth Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey will take place here next Saturday. These processions will include nineteen geographical groups, each preceded by a banner with the name of its group area. Native bishops from the West Indies, West Africa, Ceylon, India, China, Japan and New Zealand will attend the Conference

THE GREAT HALL OF LAMBETH PALACE : It was built by Archbishop Juxon between 1660 and 1663. This is where the Lambeth Conference has taken place at approximately every ten years since 1867, with the exception of the last interval of eighteen years, due to the war. The Great Hall houses the Library and was badly damaged in 1940-41

LAMBETH PALACE IS READY FOR THE CONFERENCE

Restoration Work Has Progressed Rapidly and the Great Hall Has Been Completely Rebuilt for Next Week's Lambeth Conference

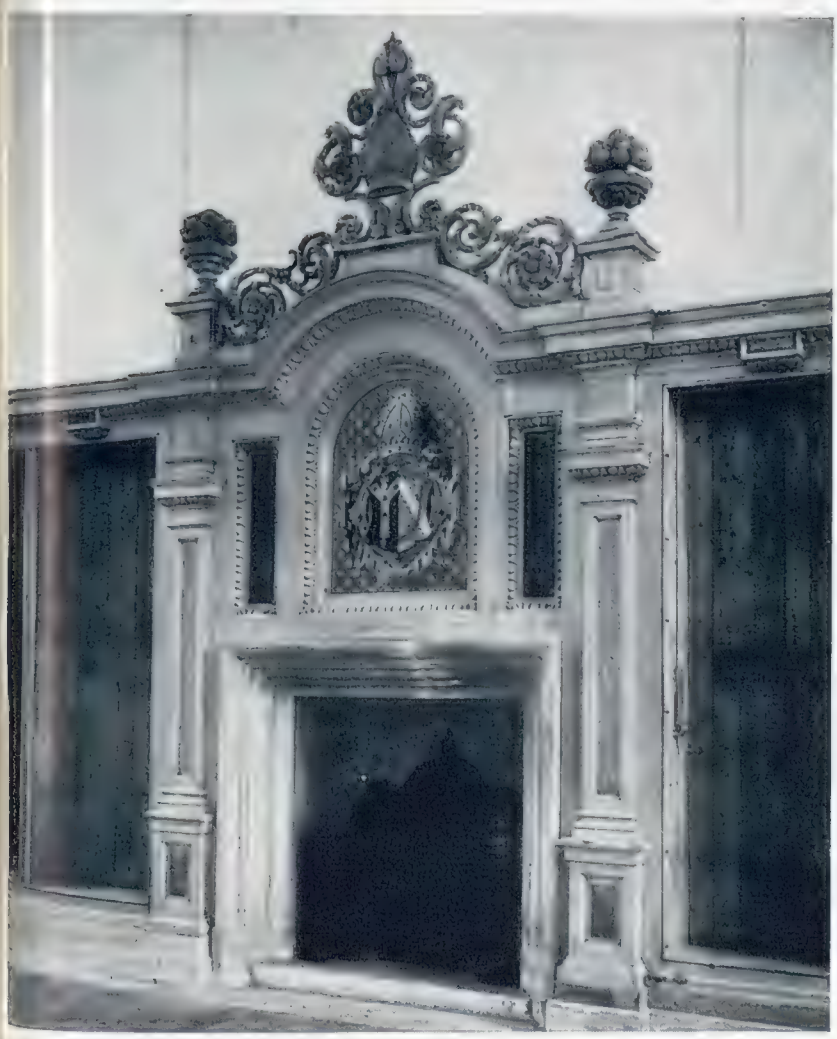
The Eighth Lambeth Conference will begin next Thursday with a ceremony in Canterbury Cathedral in which three hundred bishops from the Anglican Communion throughout the world will take part. After another public service, three days later, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Conference will sit in full session at Lambeth Palace. The Conference should meet every ten years, and was due to sit in 1940. War caused it to be postponed until now. Considerable progress has been made in the restoration of the war damage to Lambeth Palace so that it should be in as good repair as possible for the Conference. The Conference will meet in Archbishop Juxon's Great Hall, which was built between 1660 and 1663. It has been almost completely rebuilt, as it received very severe damage in 1940-41 by high-explosive and incendiary bombs. Nearly half the celebrated hammer-beam roof was burnt out, and this was further damaged by dry rot before the restoration work began. The Library, which is housed in the Great Hall, suffered serious loss, some 8,000 out of the 44,000 books being severely damaged. The projecting bookcases, installed when the hall was converted into a library, are not to be replaced. After the Conference, bookshelves will be constructed along east and west walls so that the floor will be left free

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO LAMBETH PALACE : Repair work on the damaged building has been pressed ahead so that it should be as near complete as possible for the Lambeth Conference, which was last held in 1930 under the presidency of Dr. Cosmo Lang

THE NORTH FRONT BEFORE AND AFTER RESTORATION: The residential part of the Palace was built by Blore in 1829-30 for Archbishop Hawley. It was destroyed in 1940 and is now rebuilt to provide a hostel for visitors, administrative offices and kitchens. The architects for the restoration are Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget. A new private flat for the Archbishop overlooks the garden to the south, and has access by stairway to the older part of the Palace

THE CRYPT—THE OLDEST PART OF THE PALACE: Restoration has been completed on the twelfth- or thirteenth-century crypt and its heavily ribbed stone vault, filled with quarried chalk. Hubert Walter built a chapel near the site in 1199, and the crypt may be the undercroft. Another theory is that it dates back to the reconstruction work by Stephen Langton in the early thirteenth century

THE HAMMER-BEAM ROOF OF THE GREAT HALL BEFORE RESTORATION: Half the roof was burnt and ripped away by incendiary and high-explosive bombs in 1941, and its repair has necessitated the most careful restoration



THE FIREPLACE OF THE GREAT HALL: Above the magnificent fireplace is the Coat of Arms of Archbishop Juxon, who built the Hall between 1660 and 1663. The architect, Blore, converted it into a library just over a hundred years ago

THE GREAT HALL OR LIBRARY OF LAMBETH PALACE: This was the most severely damaged part of the Palace, and it has now been completely rebuilt. The hammer-beam roof has been repaired; the roof has been tiled, replacing the old slates; the original floor-level has been restored, and a blocked doorway at the south-east corner has been reopened. All the windows were destroyed during the blitz, and these have been reglazed with clear glass. Fragments of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century stained glass which survived have been set in the north-west oriel window

IDLE SHIPPING IN THE PORT OF LONDON: THE VICTORIA DOCKS DURING THE DOCKS STRIKE: Thousands of tons of food were held up by the unofficial strike which began by a dispute over eleven men. A month ago a cargo of 100 tons of zinc oxide had to be transferred from barges on to a vessel bound for Antwerp. Eleven men, engaged on the job, asked for 5s. a ton instead of 3s. 4d., claiming the extra rate for "dirty" cargo. The dispute was referred to a referee, who endorsed the normal rate (as did the union). The men were suspended for a week, and debarred from attendance money and the guaranteed weekly minimum for three weeks, after they had struck. They considered that they had been treated spitefully, and others came out on strike in sympathy with them. The Transport and General Workers' Union advised their members to resume work and a tribunal was set up consisting of two representatives of the men and two of the employers, with Sir Robert Aske, K.C., as independent chairman

ALL QUIET IN THE LONDON DOCKS

15,000 Men and Over 100 Ships were Idle Because of a Dispute over Eleven Dockers

THE SCENE OF THE DOCKERS' STRIKE: A view of the Royal Docks, last week, with the Victoria Docks in the foreground; the Royal Albert Docks in the left background, and the George V Docks, right background. An unusual feature of the strike was that many of the shop stewards were of the same opinion as the men. In past disputes, most of the men's leaders had no official standing and it seems that some of these have now been promoted to be shop stewards

FOOD FOR LONDON AND EXPORT GOODS WERE IN THESE SHIPS : Another view of the Royal Albert Docks with the King George V Docks in the background, where many vessels were immobilised : There was concern as to the condition of fruit and vegetables, which formed part of the cargo of the forty-nine food ships which were held up. The only activity in the docks was at some warehouses, where porters discharged machinery and general cargo from lorries

THE INDEPENDENT CHAIRMAN OF THE APPEAL TRIBUNAL IN THE DOCKS DISPUTE : Seventy-five-year-old Sir Robert Aske, K.C., was appointed by the Port of London Authority solicitors to preside over the tribunal. He has had considerable experience as a commercial arbitrator and was three times Deputy-Sheriff of Hull. The recommendations of the tribunal were disputed by a number of shop stewards, who could not agree whether or not they should advise the men to call off the strike

IDLE DOCK WORKERS OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS : The Transport and General Workers' Union recommended the strikers to disregard the advice of shop stewards. A statement from headquarters said, "We advise all dockers to return to work forthwith, notwithstanding any advice to the contrary"

THE END OF A PROTRACTED SEA-STORY—HALF OF THE "HELENA MODJESKA" GOES TO THE BREAKER'S YARD after she had been salvaged from the Goodwin Sands, where she went aground eighteen months ago and broke her back

THE "HELENA MODJESKA" IS TOWED UP-STREAM IN THE THAMES to the breaker's yard at Grays. Some of the world's finest vessels have gone down to the sea on the broad waters of the Thames, but the old river does not often see half a ship. Here the aftpart of the 7,000-ton American Liberty ship *Helena Modjeska* is seen as it was towed to its last resting-place—the breaker's yards at Grays, Essex. Eighteen months ago, the steamer, battered by Britain's worst gale for thirty-five years, went aground and broke her back on the notorious Goodwin Sands, off the Kent coast. With her she took a cargo worth £750,000. Later, the vessel was salvaged, but it was found impossible to reconstruct her

SHIPPING SCENES in BRITAIN

And Other Home News In Pictures

A VIVID IMPRESSION OF BRITAIN'S GREAT EXPORT DRIVE: On the afternoon of Saturday, June 12, the largest number of ships for many months passed through the Sandon Half-Tide Basin in Liverpool Docks. Nine ships left the Basin, while two were awaiting admission from the river. The total tonnage was over 60,000. In this picture, from left to right, are seen the "Drakensberg Castle," "Delius," "Newbrough," "Laguna," "Selector" and "Empire Charmian"

A NEW LINER FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN SERVICE: The "Uruguay Star," fitted out and ready for service. On October 15 Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co. launched from their building yard at Birkenhead the third of four large first-class passenger and cargo vessels which they are building for the Blue Star Line South American service. The vessel was named the *Uruguay Star*. She has an overall length of 501 feet, and she will carry 73 passengers and a crew of 91 officers and ratings. She is now fully equipped

A RECONSTRUCTED "PRESIDENT" FOR THE EMBANKMENT: How the famous old vessel will look when she returns to London. Since her departure from London some months ago, the famous old training ship *President* has acquired a new appearance. This will soon be witnessed by Londoners when the vessel slips her moorings and returns from Chatham Dockyard to her old berth off the Embankment. Her ugly old superstructure has been removed, and a new bridge, mast and funnel fitted. Numerous interior alterations have also been made, including the fitting of new guns, and a new drill hall

THE NEW FUNNEL, BRIDGE AND MAST OF H.M.S. "PRESIDENT": The vessel is the training ship for the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. She will shortly be returning from Chatham Dockyard to her berth off the Embankment in London

PARENTS, TEACHER AND MANAGER OF THE BOY PRODIGY: Left to right in front are: Signor Romeo Arduini, teacher; Signora and Signor Pietro Gamba, parents. Behind are M. Renaat van Zundert, his Flemish manager, and Signora Arduini

THE BOY MAESTRO DEMONSTRATES HIS ORCHESTRAL ABILITY AT THE HARRINGAY ARENA: Eleven-year-old Pierino Gamba conducting his first English orchestra, the Liverpool Philharmonic, at a rehearsal. Pierino Gamba is an Italian boy of eleven who conducts after the manner of a seasoned maestro. He is stated to be a "master of whatever orchestra he conducts and repeatedly, at rehearsals, stops to correct the slightest error: he is no mere prodigy." His first appearance in England was made on June 17 at the Harringay Indoor Arena. He usually conducts without any score; at rehearsals he wears a grey sports shirt and very boyish shorts which emphasise his youth

A FAMOUS WORCESTERSHIRE TOWER IS HANDED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: A view of Broadway Tower, 1,000 feet above sea-level. This is a well-known landmark at the top of Fish Hill, near Broadway, in Worcestershire. It has been left to the National Trust in the will of Miss E. Hingley. The famous old Tower commands views of thirteen counties, from Wales to the Bristol Channel. It was built as a shooting-box by the Earl of Coventry in 1800, and is now used as a farmhouse

A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD GIRL IS A CHAMPION WOOL-GATHERER: Miss Hazel Neal helps to round up some of the sheep on her father's farm. Miss Neal is a champion sheep-shearer. Her father, Mr. Harold Neal, of Coombe Slade Farm, Brailles, near Banbury, began to teach her shearing when she was fourteen. To-day, with electric clippers, she can shear a sheep in five or six minutes and, working at even this high speed, take the fleece off in one neat piece. She needs to be smart at the job, for there are three hundred sheep on Coombe Slade Farm—all Cluns, renowned for their magnificent yield of wool. Forty or more a day is her usual tally. Shearing against all comers in the Warwickshire Young Farmers' Club Open Competitions, Hazel's record is an impressive one—a first in 1946; a third in 1947; and a first again this year

A NEW JUDGE IS APPOINTED: Mr. Gerald Osborne Slade, K.C., leaving the House of Lords after taking office. Owing to ill-health, Mr. Justice Henn Collins has resigned his office of Judge of the High Court of Justice, and the King has approved the appointment of Mr. Gerald Osborne Slade, K.C., in his place. He will be attached to the King's Bench Division. The new judge, who is fifty-six years old, is the younger son of Sir James Slade. He was called to the Bar in 1921, and took silk in 1943. He is married and has four daughters

SIX DIE IN AN AIRCRAFT CRASH AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS ON THE ISLE OF MAN: A view of the wrecked aircraft on 1,400-feet-high Crink-ny-Irey-Lhaa. Burned and lacerated, and with both feet broken, thirty-year-old Christopher Stagg crawled for seventeen hours over the mountain seeking help for seven people who crashed with him in a plane in the Isle of Man. He dragged himself through a bog, and up and down banks and boulders, and left chalk marks as a guide back to the wreckage. After crawling all night he was found at 2 p.m. next day by a Royal Air Force rescue squad. As he slumped on a stretcher, the R.A.F. men followed his chalk marks back up the Hill of the Rising Day, and found the plane burned out under a cliff ledge. There was only one other survivor. All the passengers in the plane were motor-cycling enthusiasts who had planned to spend the week-end watching the T.T. races

In the Air

PEST CONTROL FROM THE AIR

The New Jet Trainer of the R.A.F.

High-Speed Aircraft in the United States

The idea of spraying crops by aircraft is not new: experiments were carried out as early as 1923 to use this obviously attractive method, but it was found that, under British conditions, the use of aircraft was impracticable. Crop-spraying was therefore mainly confined to Continental countries, where wide spaces are cultivated: even there, only a small percentage of the liquid spray reached the crops, the wind drift carrying the remainder for distances up to twenty miles. In addition, the use of selective weed killers resulted in the killing of susceptible crops several miles from the scene of the spraying operations, owing to drifting dust-clouds which carried the liquid spray where it was not wanted.

As soon as the helicopter was developed, its potentialities as a crop sprayer were recognised. Experimental work was begun in 1941, with promising results. The great manœuvrability of the type, its ability to fly very low at low speeds, and the simplicity of landing and taking off in confined spaces are obvious advantages. The new method, demonstrated by Pest Control Limited a few days ago at Bourn, (*Continued below*)

SPRAYING CROPS FROM THE AIR BY MEANS OF A LOW-FLYING HELICOPTER—A PICTURE TAKEN DURING THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION BY PEST CONTROL LIMITED AT BOURN, NEAR CAMBRIDGE: The machine is a Westland Sikorsky; it is flown very low so that the rebound of the stream of air from the ground allows the spray to reach the underside of the leaves

A CLOSE-UP OF THE SPRAYING APPARATUS ON THE WESTLAND HELICOPTER: The boom supporting the spraying nozzles can be clearly seen, as well as the spray reservoirs beneath the machine. The pilot's view in all directions is excellent

near Cambridge, is to fly the aircraft only a few feet above the crops, moving sideways, backwards and forwards, or hovering for several minutes over one spot. The rebound of the stream of air from the ground allows the spray to reach the underside of the leaves.

The helicopter carries 65 gallons of spray liquid, and is capable of spraying 40 to 60 acres of field crops, or 30 to 40 acres of tall seed crops, in an hour.

On right—**One of the members of the staff of Pest Control Limited (Miss Crawford) standing beside a section of the spraying apparatus attached to the helicopter**

THE CHEMICAL CONTAINER USED IN THE SPRAYING OPERATION: It is attached to the fuselage and contains 65 gallons of liquid, sufficient for from 30 to 60 acres of crops

THE FIRST JET TRAINER FOR USE BY THE R.A.F.—AN IMPRESSION DURING FLIGHT OF THE NEW BOULTON PAUL "BALLIOL," WHICH IS FITTED WITH A GAS-TURBINE ENGINE: This is the aircraft, incorporating many novel features, which is to be used by the R.A.F. for the training of its new pilots. It can be used during the day to simulate night-flying conditions!

The forerunner of the "Balliol" first made its appearance at Radlett last year: it was then known as the P108 and was powered by a Bristol Mercury engine. Now it has been equipped with an Armstrong Siddeley "Mamba" gas-turbine engine—the first British trainer to be fitted with a jet unit driving a propeller. It was flown on May 17 by Armstrong's chief test pilot, Squadron Leader Price-Owen. This picture was the first to be taken of the "Balliol" in the air. Performance details are still secret. It is known, however, that the aircraft incorporates many new features, in addition to its engine: it provides accommodation for a passenger as well as the instructor and pupil, and it has a novel windscreen filter scheme which, at the touch of a button, produces night-flying conditions during the day.

MORE ABOUT THE AMERICAN "PARASITE FIGHTER"—A NEW OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE MCDONNELL XF85, which is to be one of three such aircraft carried in the bomb bay of a big bomber, and which is to be tested in actual flight during this summer. In our issue of May 22, we published one of the first pictures of this newest aircraft, which is now the subject of development by the U.S. Air Force. The "parasite" is a single-seat jet fighter, of which three are to be carried in the parent aircraft's bomb bay: they are intended as the bomber's sole armament, no machine-guns or cannon being carried. The fighter has a wing spread of only 21 feet, and it is 15 feet long. The wings are folded within the bomb bay and extended for flight. All take-offs and landings are made in flight, and the XF85 has, in fact, no landing gear. This picture was taken whilst the plane was mounted on its specially constructed dolly. The odd-shaped tail assembly is required to provide maximum flight stability and still fit within the space limitations of the bomb bay

THE AIRCRAFT WHICH IS CLAIMED TO HAVE FLOWN AT A SPEED GREATER THAN THAT OF SOUND: The American rocket plane XS 1 in an actual flight over Muroc, California. Unofficial reports have given its speed as 1,000 miles per hour

THE MAN WHO FLEW THE XS1 ON ITS SUPERSONIC FLIGHT: Captain Charles E. Yeager, twenty-five years of age, who destroyed thirteen German planes in the war. The Bell XS 1 is a research plane of the United States Air Force. According to Mr. Stuart Symington, America's Secretary for Air, at a recent Washington Press Conference, it has "flown much faster than the speed of sound many times." The latter varies with altitude, temperature, humidity and other conditions, but at sea-level the speed of sound is 760 m.p.h.; at 30,000 feet it is 660 m.p.h. Mr. Symington refuses to divulge the exact speeds achieved, but unofficial reports give it as 1,000 m.p.h. The Bell rocket plane shown in the upper picture has a fat, stubby body with a needle nose; it has four rocket engines, which use up their fuel, flat out, in two and a half minutes. Already a successor to the XS 1 has been produced: this is a swept-back wing aircraft designed to achieve a speed of 1,100 m.p.h.

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

A Change Comes Over the De Luxe Resorts

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of my first reactions on my return from Ireland was the astonishing speed with which Sir Stafford Cripps's avowed policy of deflation has materialised. Grocers offer you six bottles of gin where previously it was difficult to secure one. Golf balls have suddenly become plentiful. The shops are stocked with goods which nobody will buy, the sale of even Jamaican cigars has dropped almost to zero since the beginning of May, the prices of houses and flats have tumbled, plays are coming off, restaurants are already well down in their receipts and are going further. And yet this is the height of the season. Some restaurant proprietors and night club owners hope that they will be saved by the visitors coming over here for the Olympic Games. That is possible.

But against that the regular nucleus of 5,000 or 10,000 people who are the chief support of high life in London will by then have left for Scotland, the South of France, Deauville, Switzerland and Ireland. Other restaurant managers are recalling gloomily the slump days and nights after the Hatry crash, when a dozen restaurants went bankrupt, and when chains of hotels had to sell one establishment after another in order to keep above water. As recently as 1937 the Embassy Club, which had once been in the market for £90,000, was sold for £2,000 as a going concern, with linen, silver, and all the rest of it. The snag, of course, was that the ground rent was £3,500. At about the same time an equally well-known restaurant was offered free as a going concern for the first year with the contingency that the seller should have a small interest in any profits which might accrue thereafter. In one week in 1931 the Café de Paris management lost over £4,000. Poulsen, the senior partner, when he was killed by that bomb in 1941, left only £50, apart from his house, which was sold by his widow a few days ago for £7,000.

All of which goes to show that, in spite of the heavy charges which the guest has to pay in a smart hotel or restaurant, the business is a very fickle one, and only a real expert can hope to make money out of it. The situation has recently been aggravated by the new scale of minimum wages for the various categories of staff employed in hotels and restaurants. True, a surcharge of 10 per cent. has been made permissible by law, but it by no means covers the extra-wage bill. At one restaurant, for example, the cost of the staff is now £900, of which only £300 comes back to the management through the surcharge. As from July 5 the payment of the National Health Insurance will add another four-figure sum to the annual overheads.

Any householder knows how the cost of vegetables, poultry and fish has rocketed. If one multiplies one's own house books several hundred times a good picture of what confronts the restaurant proprietor is obtainable. At Ciro's, for example, over £5,000 a year is spent on fish, although the prices of salmon are controlled from anything between 9s. 10d. to 7s. 1b., according to the time of year. Poultry costs over £7,500 a year, vegetables over £10,000 a year. Table decorations amount to £25 a week. As for fruit, well, strawberries can cost anything from 3s. 6d. to 9s. 1b., while melons at the moment are fetching 25s., though, doubtless, they will drop to 8s. 6d. later on, just as asparagus has descended to 3s. 6d. a bunch from £1 a bunch. In the old days a restaurant could charge anything it liked for lunch or dinner, the usual *prix fixe* being 7s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. for lunch, and 12s. 6d. or 15s. for dinner. To-day there is this maximum charge of 5s., though the *de luxe* establishments are allowed to charge extra for dancing and a cover charge. As a result of this, cabaret in London has completely disappeared, and as a digression, I wonder what has happened to all the cabaret artistes who entertained us before the war? It is a bankrupt profession. But on reflection, no doubt most of the cabaret artistes have got themselves nice jobs with Mr. Arthur Rank.

Dance orchestras are still very expensive. The two bands at Ciro's cost £600 a week between them. Moreover, they, like the staff, have to be given free meals. In their case, of course, it is only dinner, but for the rest of the staff it is twice a day; another considerable increase in the overheads of the restaurant or, in this case, the club. As a club, Ciro's charges a 10s. guest fee at night. It also has 6,000 members who pay several guineas a year for the privilege of membership. "But if we were not a club," Fausto Stocco says, "it would be impossible to carry on business as we are doing.

"The replacement and renovating of sofas and carpets alone costs £2,000 annually. Every year I have to buy 4,000 napkins at 5s. 6d. each and they used to be 9s. a dozen."

He shrugged his shoulders and went on: "And then think of tablecloths! You know what glasses cost now—2s. 6d. each. My china and glass replacements amount to over £2,000 a year. Every year a gross of teaspoons disappear, nobody knows how. My lighting costs me £2,000 a year. If I were to open on Bank holidays it would cost me £300 a night. If I opened on Sundays, owing to double pay, it would cost me £200 a night. The only way we can make both ends meet is, of course, by the sale of drink. A bottle of whisky costs us 33s. 4d., a shilling more than a bottle of gin. We charge 3s. a measure and get thirty measures out of a bottle. The price at which we can sell Government wines like champagne is strictly limited to double the cost of the purchase price. Here at Ciro's we are very lucky. After all, we have the cream of the clientèle. H.H. the Aga Khan, Prince Aly Khan and M. Volterra are not, of course, affected by the deflation. All the same, we are down £100 a week compared with this time last year."

He went on to speak about his wines, of which he sells on an average 450 bottles a week. In his cellars are £35,000 worth of wines and spirits, all paid for in advance, which means that the interest on this very considerable capital outlay is permanently tied up. Worse still, he, like many other restaurant proprietors and club owners, bought brandy at £7 a bottle and burgundy at £4 a bottle during the war, quite apart from other clarets, liqueurs and pre-war champagnes, which will presumably never again reach those peak prices and, in the case of the wines, will soon need drinking.

In spite of the extra wages guaranteed to the staff (an ordinary chef who got £5 a week before the war now receives £12 a week, and has frequently to be paid overtime; *commis* who received £3 pre-war are now paid £7 to £8), they still participate in the *tronc*, and the management cannot touch it as the management of casinos benefit by the croupiers' tips from gamblers.

All restaurants, of course, have a very considerable rental to pay. Even the pokiest night clubs are charged through the nose for their premises, and one way and another, it would not surprise me in the least if numbers of bottle parties go bankrupt and quite a few restaurants find themselves in deep water before Christmas. So the next time you dine out *à deux* and find that it has cost you at least a five-pound note, remember that the "good old days" seem to be passing and don't think how profitable it would be to run the restaurant yourself. Believe me, it is not.

NO "NEW LOOK" FOR HER—HELEN HAYES WAVES A GREETING TO ENGLAND AFTER HER ARRIVAL FROM THE UNITED STATES: The celebrated American actress Helen Hayes (in private life Mrs. Charles MacArthur), has come to this country to make her first appearance on the English stage. She is to play in "The Glass Menagerie," which is due to open at Brighton on July 12. For her arrival at Southampton aboard the "Queen Mary" Helen Hayes wore a novel hat fashion, but not the new style of dress. She refuses to wear the new fashion, and says, "It is not for women of my age." She is forty-seven. Her husband, Charles MacArthur, the playwright, accompanied her on the journey across the Atlantic

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" GREETS HIS DAUGHTER: Fredric March, who is in this country working on the new British film "Christopher Columbus," went down to Southampton with his wife to greet Penelope, his fifteen-year-old daughter. She travelled from the United States in the "Queen Mary" with Mr. and Mrs. Jock Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence is vice-president of the Rank organisation in the United States. Penelope is to stay in this country until the family return to America on August 14

IN COPENHAGEN—THE FIRST EUROPEAN BRIDGE CHAMPIONSHIP SINCE 1939: Playing in the first round of the Congress of the European Bridge League were Mrs. Gurli Kielsen, of Denmark; Lady Rhodes, Great Britain; Mrs. Demly Wilming, Denmark, and Mrs. L. Litante, Great Britain. Six countries—Denmark, Finland, France, Great Britain, Norway and Sweden—have entered for the women's championship. In all, ten countries were taking part in the Open championships, each country playing a match of thirty-two boards against each of the others

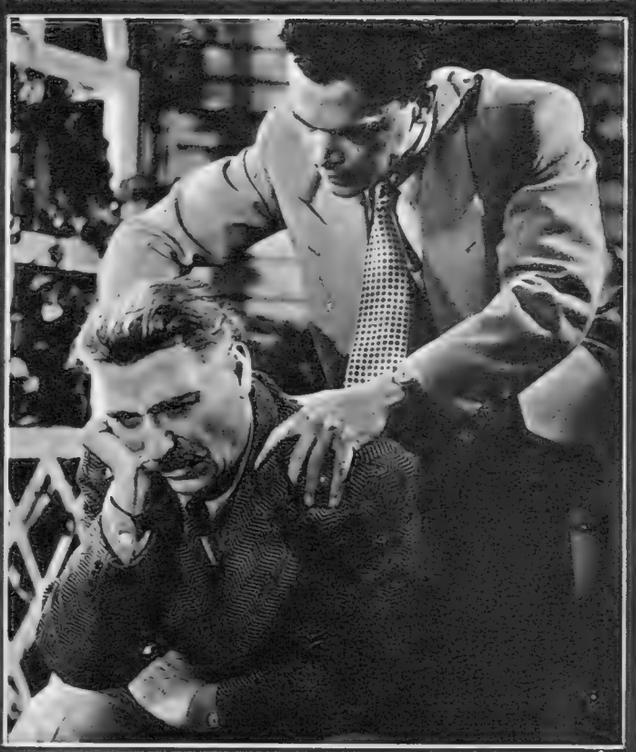
STARS OF STAGE AND FILM

Mr. C. B. Cochran is Knighted ; Film Stars from Abroad, and Two New London Successes

THEY FLEW FROM PARIS FOR A PRIVATE FILM SHOW : Jean Cocteau leads the party, wearing evening dress, which arrived at Heathrow Aerodrome for a special showing of his film "The Eagle Has Two Heads." Jean Cocteau's play, which ran for several months in London and which gave her great acting opportunity to Eileen Herlie, has been made into a film. It was shown privately at the Institut Français last week, and the author and his leading man, Jean Marais, came over with a party to see it. From left to right in the picture are : M. Danciger ; Madame Cosne ; M. Mnouchkine ; Madame Lepka ; M. Jean Cocteau ; M. Jean Marais and Madame Davies

THE LATEST THEATRICAL KNIGHT WITH HIS WIFE : Mr. C. B. Cochran was created Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours List. In the Prime Minister's list of the Birthday Honours appeared the name of Charles Blake Cochran, theatrical producer and manager. At the age of seventy-five he has been honoured for his work in the theatre, in which he has been actively engaged for fifty-five years

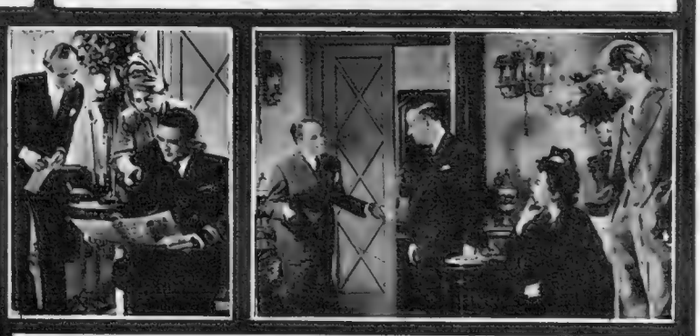
A LEADING ACTRESS OF INDIA MEETS DAME EDITH EVANS AT A FILM STUDIO : Durga Khote, who has appeared in thirty-two Indian films, tours the Welwyn Studios on her first visit to England. In the picture are Dame Edith Evans ; film director Thorold Dickinson ; Yvonne Mitchell ; Durga Khote and Anton Walbrook. Durga Khote was renewing the acquaintance with Thorold Dickinson that she had made when he was in India. Dame Edith Evans has recently returned from Moscow and is making *The Queen of Spades*, her first film for some years



AN AMERICAN FILM-STAR ON THE LONDON STAGE : Joseph Calleia as Joe Keller, with Richard Leech as Chris Keller, in "All My Sons" at the Globe Theatre. Yet another production of the Company of Four has gone to the West End from the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Arthur Miller's strong drama, *All My Sons*, deals with a small-town American manufacturer who has been the cause of air crashes, through producing faulty planes for personal gain and has fixed the guilt on his partner. His son, himself an air pilot, discovers the dark secret and, in the picture above, confronts his father with his former misdeeds

YVONNE ARNAUD, HELEN CHRISTIE, CHARLES VICTOR IN ARTHUR MACRAE'S "TRAVELLER'S JOY"

Arthur Macrae has contrived a highly amusing comedy concerning rich people on holiday in Sweden, who are all scheming to evade the currency regulations. Yvonne Arnaud makes a triumphant return to the London stage as Mrs. Beatrice Pelham, a wealthy woman who lives on her wits. She plays with Charles Victor (her partner a few months ago in the stage version of Maugham's short story, *Jane*). The author himself plays the part of Tom Wright in the comedy



TWO AMUSING SCENES AT THE CRITERION THEATRE : *On the left*, Yvonne Arnaud stands between Arthur Macrae and Derek Aylward, *on the right*, with Ernst Ulman, Charles Victor and Arthur Macrae

New Lamps and Old

PRESERVING THE RELICS OF DESTRUCTION

Their Lure Exceeds Their Value

By JOHN GORE

CHAMBER OF HORRORS.—Some time back, I read with concern (and filed for future reference) an announcement that Auschwitz Camp, where 4,500,000 people are believed to have been done to death, was to become a museum. Whether or no this decision (whose ?) will bring recreational colour and uplift into social life in Germany, it is permissible to criticise it. Our Baker Street Chamber of Horrors impressed my infant mind not so much with its horrors as with its dinginess and dustiness. It seemed to me the nadir of Victorian stuffiness. The crime museum at Scotland Yard, much more "modern," filled me with nausea and disgust even when I was a keen criminologist. Chipped enamelled baths (for wife murder), bits of rusty knives, hangmen's rope, burglar's rope-ladders, blood-stained clothing and missives, are not the "romance of crime," if indeed it holds "romance." The interest of criminology is psychological; investigation into human motives and in the translation of desires into desperate action, is perhaps a legitimate scientific interest. The tools of the trade, the site of a murder, are merely morbid thrills for debased and vulgar minds—and in England these sorry relics and pilgrimages have all too often stressed the stage of our national education. It were far better that Auschwitz should grow potatoes, if its soil is suitable, or provide a playground for German children. There are all too many museums nowadays. Certainly there is not enough ground and buildings in Europe left for the raising of food or the shelter of the homeless, to spare even an acre to another museum of horror or hate. The Auschwitz museum decision (if indeed it be a fact) is a crime, a blunder and an obscene vulgarity in an era of crime, blunders and vulgarity.

It is true that the preservation of relics of all kinds is closely bound up with a perfectly natural and often estimable human trait, our interest in human personalities. It may be foolish but it is certainly not reprehensible to wish to handle the very last pipe which a beloved poet-laureate ever smoked or Prince Charlie's (authentic) dirk as worn at Culloden. The physical contact with the article bridges the gulf of years and brings a little nearer the living presence of the dead hero. But if that hero was but a hero of the underworld, an object-lesson to would-be poisoners or cut-throats, mere folly becomes reprehensible, decent curiosity grows obscene or unhealthy. As for the relics of human tragedy divorced from the crimes which may have caused it, it is at the best doubled folly to perpetuate past tragedy in an age already steeped in tragedy.

To which proposition the argument may be opposed that such perpetuation has value as a permanent reminder and a lesson to posterity to avoid hereafter the evils which men did and may do again. How far that argument bears examination, I do not well know. It may be the Well at Cawnpore, the Cavell Memorial, and so forth, served their turns in some sort, for some time. They do not appear to have achieved permanent results. I remember that, after 1919, our pleasant village greens were chosen as fit sites for rusty guns and tanks taken from the enemy, and often became pendants to the village memorial to the fallen. The memorials remain, the rusty iron has gone. In the 1930's neither the one nor the other revived men's memories of what had been, nor influenced the living to prevent a repetition. There was always a difference of opinion in every village community when the offers of these dingy relics of war were made. Those who wanted to accept conceived themselves to be the robust, the realists. Those who wished to refuse did so on æsthetic grounds, or argued that no good could come of preserving relics of mass-destruction and hatred. Sometimes refusal was made difficult on the score of good manners, as when such an offer was made by a war leader of some engine of war personal to himself.

There must always be a reluctance to wound the feelings of a great war leader whose name is on every tongue when danger threatens, but I think the legend of a nation's ingratitude to her soldiers when peace comes is largely based on misconceived motives. The average man does not desire to forget his national heroes and saviours, but to forget the hate and evil and bitterness which war engendered.

Too Many Museums.—Be that as it may, I fancy a majority of the nation is coming to the view that there can be too many memorials and museums. This country is a very small one, supporting a vast population, and every open space is needed for recreation or agriculture, and many a building, even antiquated, can be put to good use for sheltering the homeless.

Almost every museum must justify its existence on the score of its educational value, scientific, artistic or what not. Unless the educational value be paramount, I doubt if the preservation of a house in which a great man lived can be justified. That is to say, it cannot be justified merely on the score of personal interest. "Here is his last pipe, half-smoked as he left it." "This was the actual book he was reading when he was struck down." These are not nowadays reasonable claims for the use of valuable space. Still less: "This is the very dagger which struck him down." For here, the morbid contends with the healthy personal interest.

But a notable example of Tudor or Georgian architecture is another matter. Here the educational value predominates and justifies. No doubt the Crimes Museum at Scotland Yard justifies itself, or claims to do so, on educational grounds, but I doubt if Mme. Tussaud in her Victorian heyday would have advanced the claim unless with tongue in cheek.

Sensationalism was the lure, and the late Victorians were great pioneers in crime sensationalism. They lived in times of security and piping peace, and they had to go out and look for their baser thrills. That is the reason why the late-Victorian and Edwardian notable murder cases are still remembered with their grease paint still luridly coloured. Our daily newspaper supplies us to-day with mass-murder and rapine in half-a-dozen countries. Our fathers had to rely on isolated cut-throats and poisoners to supply their needs, and when the enterprising burglar was a-basking-in-the-sun or otherwise downing tools, they could not do better than sensationalise Richardson's bowling at the Oval or Bobb Abel's 3,000 runs.

Nothing else can account for the thrill which still awakes with the mention of Madeleine Smith, Palmer, Mrs. Bravo, Crippen, the Rising Sun and the Green Bicycle. Nothing else can account for the linking of a place of pilgrimage with the name of The Crumbles (or was it the Mumbles ?). Anyway, it was not so far away from the Shrine of Thomas à Becket. Man—civilised man—is at heart still a pariah, an unclean animal with a *nostalgie de la boue*.

He must have his nose in the gutter, searching for offal. It is part of his make-up. He is not satisfied with perpetual rice-pudding. He requires a relish, a strong kipper, with his supper. And that truth, I believe, was a prime argument with many M.P.s who voted for the suspension of the death penalty—the fillip which the hangman's dreadful trade continues to supply to base minds. But as an argument it is not strong enough to justify sparing the life of a George Joseph Smith.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER VISITS THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH OLD MASTERS IN LONDON—Since May 5 an Exhibition of Dutch Old Masters has been held at the Eugene Slatter Gallery in Old Bond Street, and it is to go on until July 10. The proceeds from the sale of catalogues of the exhibition are being given to the National Art Collections Fund. On the day of her visit the Duchess toured the Galleries accompanied by Sir Alec Martin, representing the National Art Collections Fund (second from right), and Mr. Eugene Slatter. The exhibits include works by many celebrated painters. "A Twelfth-Night Party," by Peter Breughel, the Younger (1564-1638), contains many interesting details of peasant life and customs of the period. It is signed in full and dated 1620. Breughel was registered as a master at Antwerp in 1585

AN OLD ENGLISH WORK-BOX IN SATIN-WOOD DESIGNED IN THE SHAPE OF A GRAND PIANO: One of the exhibits of the Eighth Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition. It was the direct and intimate touch with antiques, as well as the personal contacts with dealers, which gave the Fair its human attraction and which has now made it a recognised event in the London calendar. The exhibition, under the patronage of Queen Mary, was held at Grosvenor House, for two weeks, and was due to close yesterday

AN EXHIBIT OF THE GREATEST RARITY: A magnificent fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript written in early Greek on 415 leaves of paper. Examples of this, the Septuagint, are of the greatest rarity. The Septuagint, which is the earliest Greek translation of the Old Testament, is so-called because by legend seventy translators, sent from Jerusalem to Alexandria, at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, completed the work in seventy days. Most of the exhibits, from all parts of the country, were on sale

THE DUNDEE COCONUT CUP: A rare piece of Scottish silver (circa 1600) made by Thomas Lindsay, of Dundee. The cup bears the Dundee Pot of Lilies town-mark and the initials "M. R." The arms engraved on it have not yet been identified. Not for many years has such an example of the sixteenth, or early seventeenth, century Scottish silver appeared in the market

HOW BETS WERE TAKEN FOR A COCK-FIGHT: This is a demonstration of how to sit in a cock-fighting chair of the eighteenth century. The chair was quoted in the well-produced catalogue as a rare example. In the days of cock-fighting, the Controller of events would lean his arms on the back-rest and use the adjustable easel for taking the bets offered by the "sporting" fans

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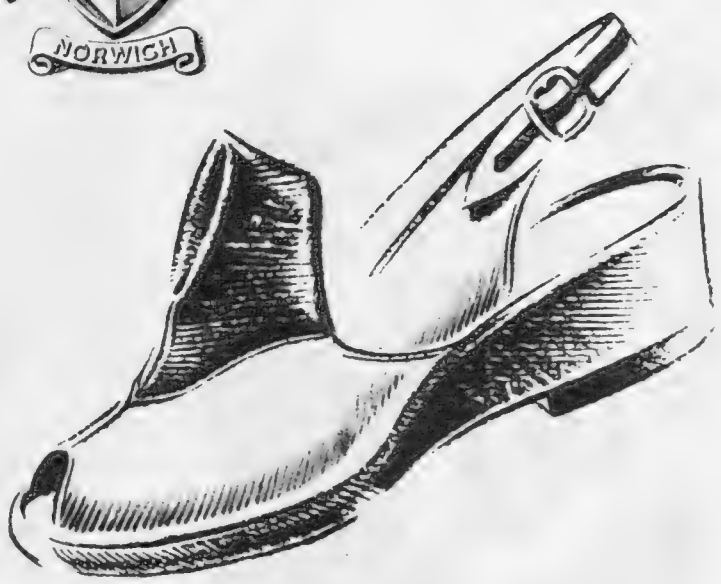

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CRICKET, CIRCUS AND GIPSIES

John Arlott on The Classics of Cricket, the Late Lady Eleanor Smith's Last Book, and Rupert Croft-Cooke's "The Moon in My Pocket"

AT exactly the right moment Mr. John Arlott has produced an excellent book on The Classics of Cricket, FROM HAMBLEDON TO LORD'S (Christopher Johnson. 10s. 6d.), and his introduction to each of the four essays on the art, practice and history of the game are as welcome as his familiar voice, which we hear so often in the cricket season by courtesy of the B.B.C.

Being himself a distinguished commentator, Mr. Arlott writes with authority on the nineteenth-century work of such experts as John Nyren, the Reverend James Pycroft and the Reverend John Mitford. They told of some of the greatest and earliest days of the sport, and he emphasises the authority of their pronouncements. An entrancing book for players to read, and an amusing and extremely instructive one for those whose contribution to cricket is simply a love of the game.

J. YUNGE BATEMAN'S FRONT PLATE FOR A NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "THE RAPE OF LUCRECE": The text of this beautifully produced volume is that of "The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare," edited by Charles Knight and published by him in 1841. The present volume is a companion to "Venus and Adonis," by the same publishers—Winchester Publications—and costs 30s. It is illustrated by twenty-one drawings in black and white

BRITISH CIRCUS LIFE (Harrap. 18s.) is principally the work of the late Lady Eleanor Smith, though it was completed by Mr. John Hinde, who originally visited the circus world to take photographs for Lady Eleanor's work, and so fell in love with the life that he gave up all other activities in order to join Reco's Circus. The combination is excellent, being informed with the same enthusiasm and the same understanding, and the photographs, some in black-and-white but many in colour, are an intrinsic part of the book's value.

A book on English gipsies seems to come in a natural sequence, and Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's THE MOON IN MY POCKET (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.) fits this category perfectly. As with most people who write about Romanies, and every year you will find one or two who do, this author has a deep conviction that theirs is an inimitable way of life. "I fell into Romani life as naturally as a man goes to his hereditary calling," he writes, and makes it sound true. Mr. Croft-Cooke sees in them, whether they are pure-bred, or half-bred, *didakais*, the natural rebels to a mechanised, industrialised way of life. Their rebellion is unconscious, since they have no rules of conduct, but it is expressed nevertheless in their elusiveness and in their "blank indifference"—a good phrase—to the organised aspects of modern life.

The writings of Mr. Godfrey Winn have an extraordinary popularity, and I don't think he will object to the word "extraordinary," since he is a modest author, and quite disarming about his work and its success. The diary form is the one that suits his talent best, and he uses it fairly constantly in his own brand of optimistic journalism, of which the latest product is GOING MY WAY (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

In this discursive, not to say rambling, volume, Mr. Winn gives the reader, who must show a certain amount of sympathetic co-operation, the inmost details of his journeys across the Atlantic, across the United States and back again, to Stockholm, to Copenhagen, to Butlin's Holiday Camp at Skegness and to the Duchess of Kent's garden.

It is all excessively easy to read and perhaps that is part of the spell. Even the "how" and "when" of reading it have been settled for you. I can but quote: "May I make one final suggestion?" writes Mr. Winn in that manner that has a pinch of cunning to its peck of charm. "It is—a quarter of an hour each night, before you turn out your bedside lamp. All right?"

All right, Mr. Winn. All *right!*

Whoever said that irony was not a weapon that the English novelist could handle with grace or familiarity, had left Miss Margery Sharp out of the count. It certainly is the keynote of THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN (Collins. 8s. 6d.), a novel which I have been reading with considerable relish this week, and which I warmly recommend to you.

There is no doubt that the gentlewoman is foolish; in fact, she could be said to wuffle, if such a word existed, and her kindly ineptitudes seem, at first glance, to be innumerable. But a pattern emerges from her silliness and her well-intentioned fumblings, and it is a pattern that shocks the young and brave, and scandalises the old and the purse-proud in her family and surroundings.

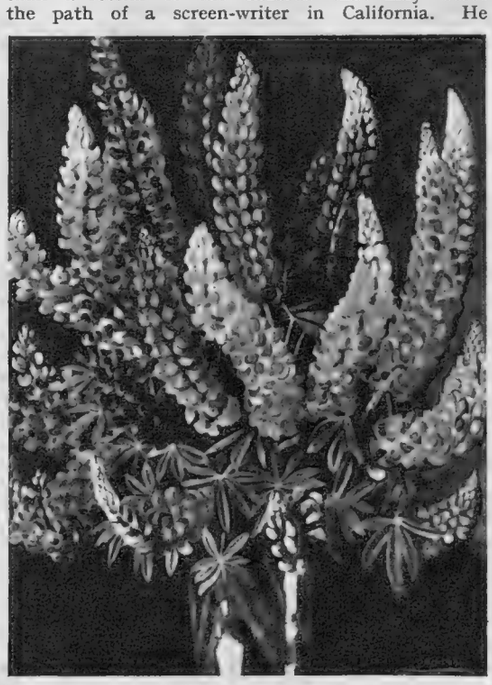
The setting to this plot is one that really needed using, and that I cannot imagine being better realised then here: an early nineteenth-century house in one of the inner London suburbs.

In this pocket of quiet and good sense, the story plays itself out under the direction of a writer of admirable detachment and humour. You should read this, if only for the enjoyment of the two Cockney characters Miss Sharp has created, or observed; the mother and daughter who consent to do the housekeeping on condition that their absolute independence is respected. A delightful novel.

DIRTY EDDIE (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) comes from Hollywood via New York, and is the focal character of Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans' new novel. I had hoped that, like his previous works, this would have been illustrated by the author, but the author has in this case decided to concentrate on the literary aspect alone, and, who knows, his vivid little line drawings might have given the whole joke away too early. Especially to those unscrupulous readers who adopt the Chinese system with books, and begin at the end.

This Eddie, then, is a pig, of markedly photogenic qualities, but the novel is less his story than a recital of the hazards that may beset the path of a screen-writer in California. He may have brilliant ideas by the score, or he may sit in his well-furnished office playing with the fitted pencil-sharpener, but the day will come when his financial future may depend on something as unpredictable as a baby pig.

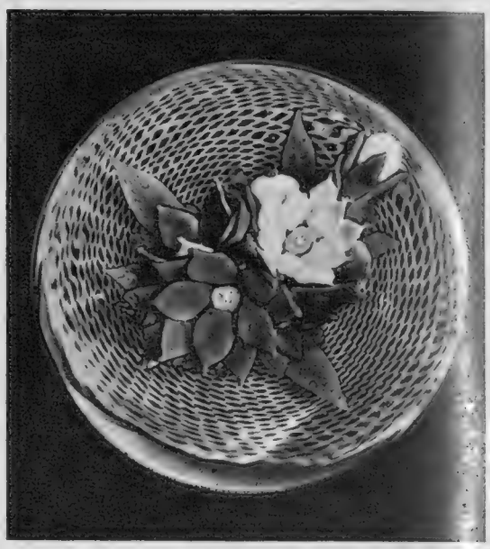
This is both a funny story or An Awful Warning, depending on what your plans are. But it's not dull and it's not ordinary.



LUPINS—A COMMON AND COMMONPLACE WILD PLANT: In these words, an American visitor described the lupin to her English host, according to Sir William Beach Thomas, in his new book, "In Praise of Flowers" (Evans Brothers. 21s.), which is illustrated by colour reproductions of paintings by the celebrated portrait artist, Frank O. Salisbury, who recently published a remarkable new book portraying the Lord's Prayer in pictures

Short stories are a writing form that only very young or very misled people consider as easy. They may take fewer man-hours and less physical labour to achieve, but to perfect they may take half a lifetime. A good short story should have as complete, though perhaps not as extensive, a plot framework as a good novel, and the writer should add to this the virtues of compression and excision, until the story remains in its own right, well-told, entire and effective, but without any padding, any woolliness or any discursiveness. That is a very difficult job, not lightly to be undertaken, and it often surprises me to find with what lightheartedness it is tackled.

Frances Bellerby is serious about her work, and for this reason, although her collection of short stories, THE ACORN AND THE CUP (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), is not uniformly impressive, it does include two or three stories that are as memorable as they are sensitive.



A PAPERWEIGHT FROM AMERICA: This specimen with an attractive floral design was made by Deeming Jarves, whose glass factory was at Sandwich, near Cape Cod. The metal used in Sandwich glass was of great brilliancy and it is probable that no better glass is manufactured to-day. Jarves set up his factory there in 1825, and the paperweights were made by an Austrian and a Frenchman. These facts come from "Old Glass Paperweights" (Faber and Faber. 42s.)

Two very different books by Mr. Robert Payne have just appeared: the first, a novel on the life of Buddha, and the second a volume of poems. These last, SONGS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), show in great part the Eastern influence which might have been expected in the work of this distinguished writer, but they also show something of the pure spring of English poetry that the Elizabethans knew so well, Mr. Payne's novel, THE LORD COMES (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), is, in spite of its great subject, not an inspiring book. This may be because of the almost constricting reverence with which the author has approached it. To write the life of Buddha in any form and to re-tell the legends after something like twenty-five hundred years, is an immense project, both courageous and poetic, and it must be applauded as such.

THE DOUBLE DARKNESS (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) is a story about a British soldier who wakes in a shattered courtyard in Athens with no memory of his identity or the action that brought him there, and no company but a dead Greek civilian with whom, in an unreasoning panic, he changes clothes. This is Greece since the war. Mr. Edward Fenton takes his young corporal through days and nights of pursuit and danger, with an odd blend of barrack-room language and poetic description, and the result, though not entirely successful, is a book with a strong and individual flavour.

I remember Mr. James T. Farrell chiefly as a novelist of his native Chicago, whose work, notably *Studs Lonigan*, was so filled with violence, brutality and terror that, although it achieved best-selling fame, it was an almost unendurable exercise to read. His new novel, BERNARD CLAYRE (Routledge. 10s. 6d.), concerns New York instead, but the attributes of his style remain unchanged.

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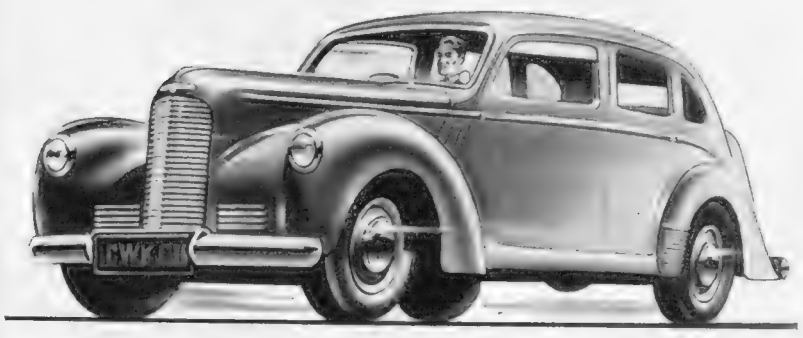

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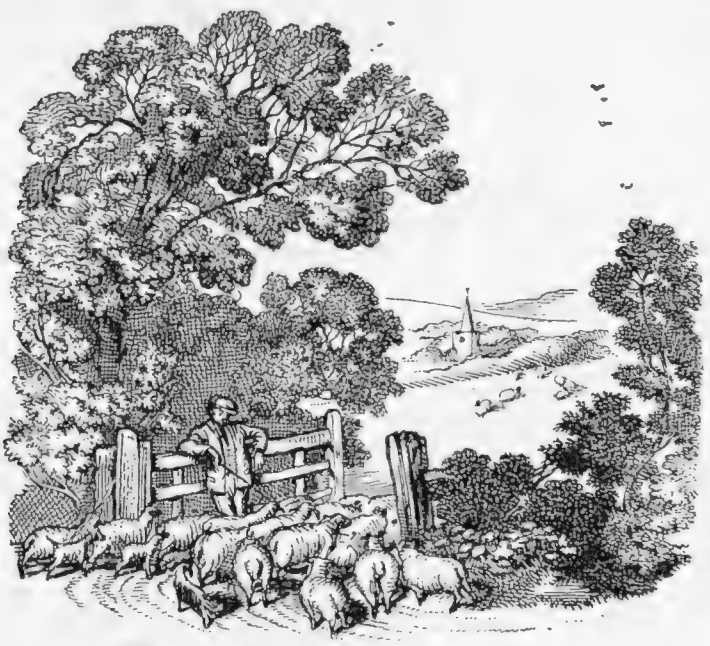

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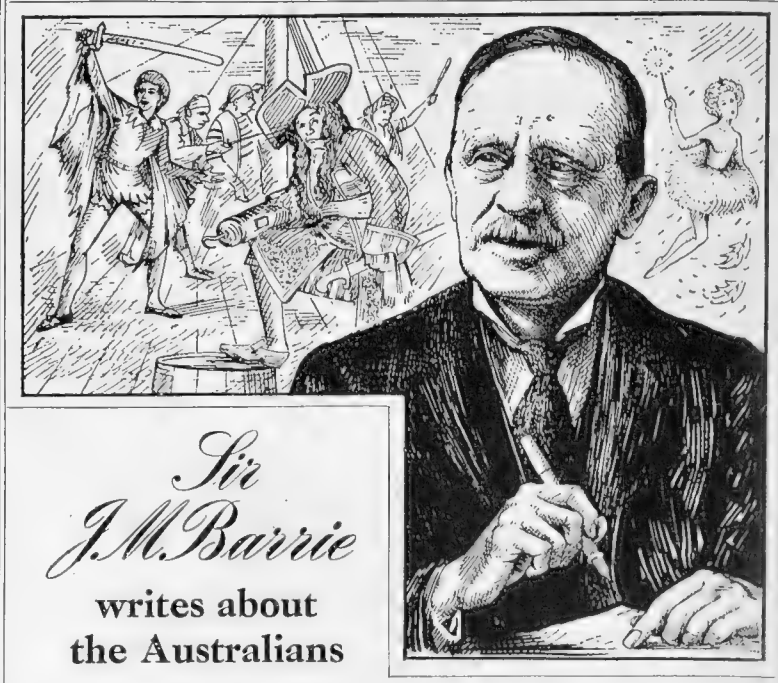

Sir J. M. Barrie writes about the Australians

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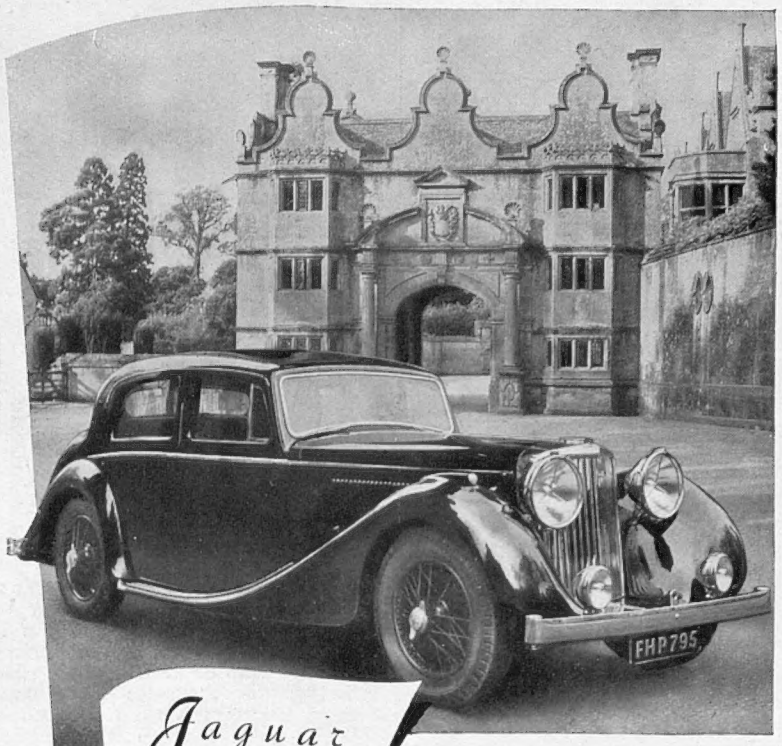

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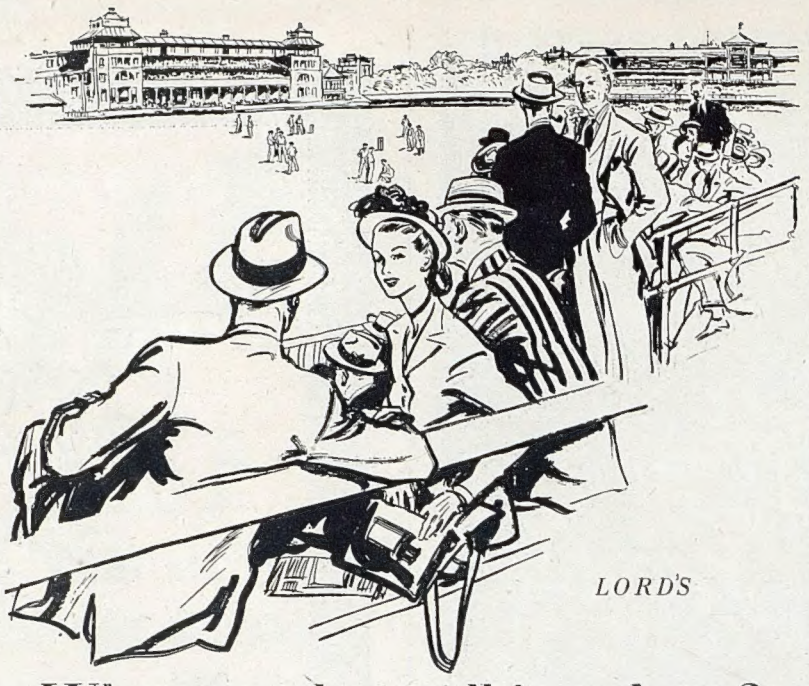

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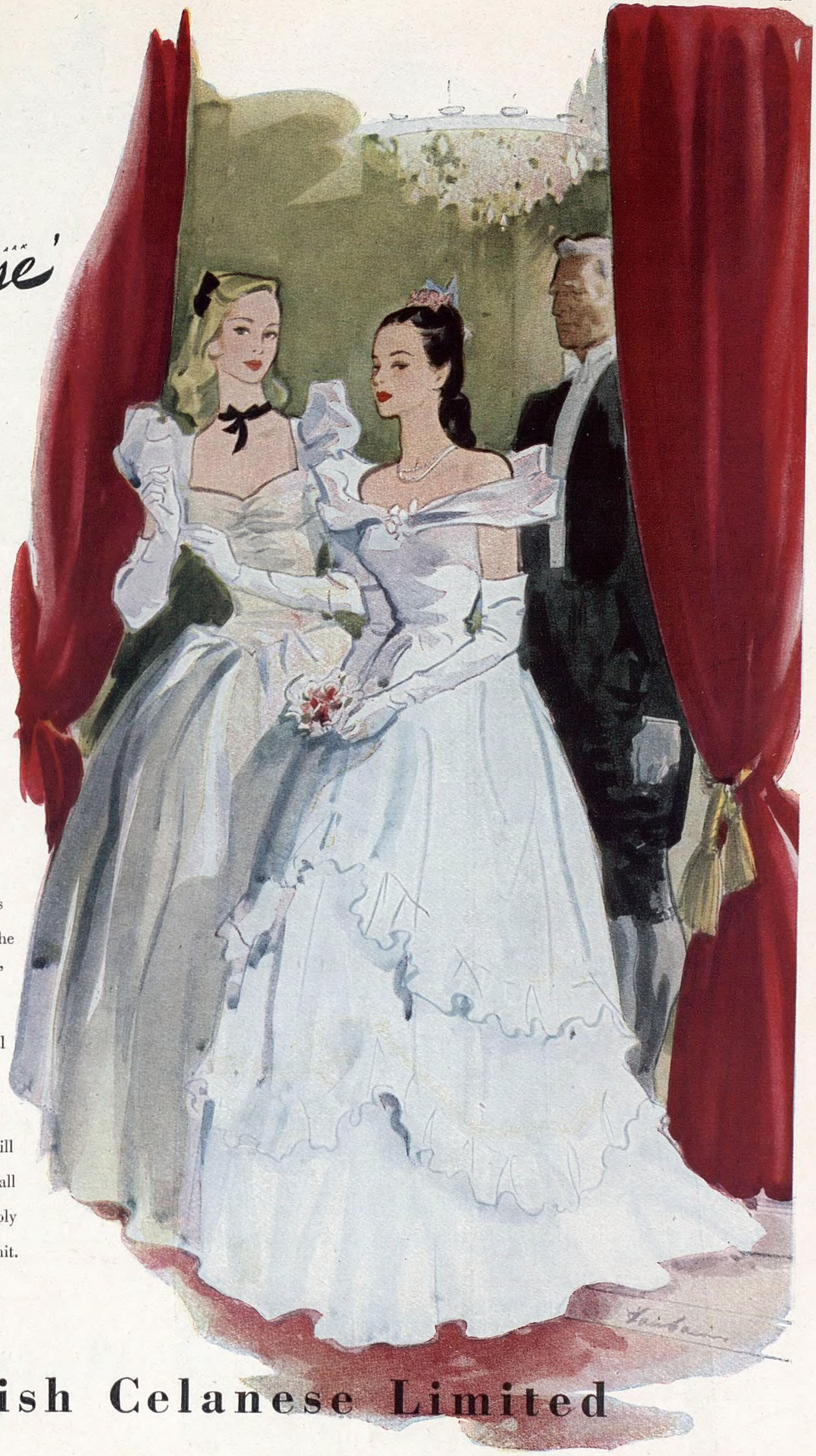

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